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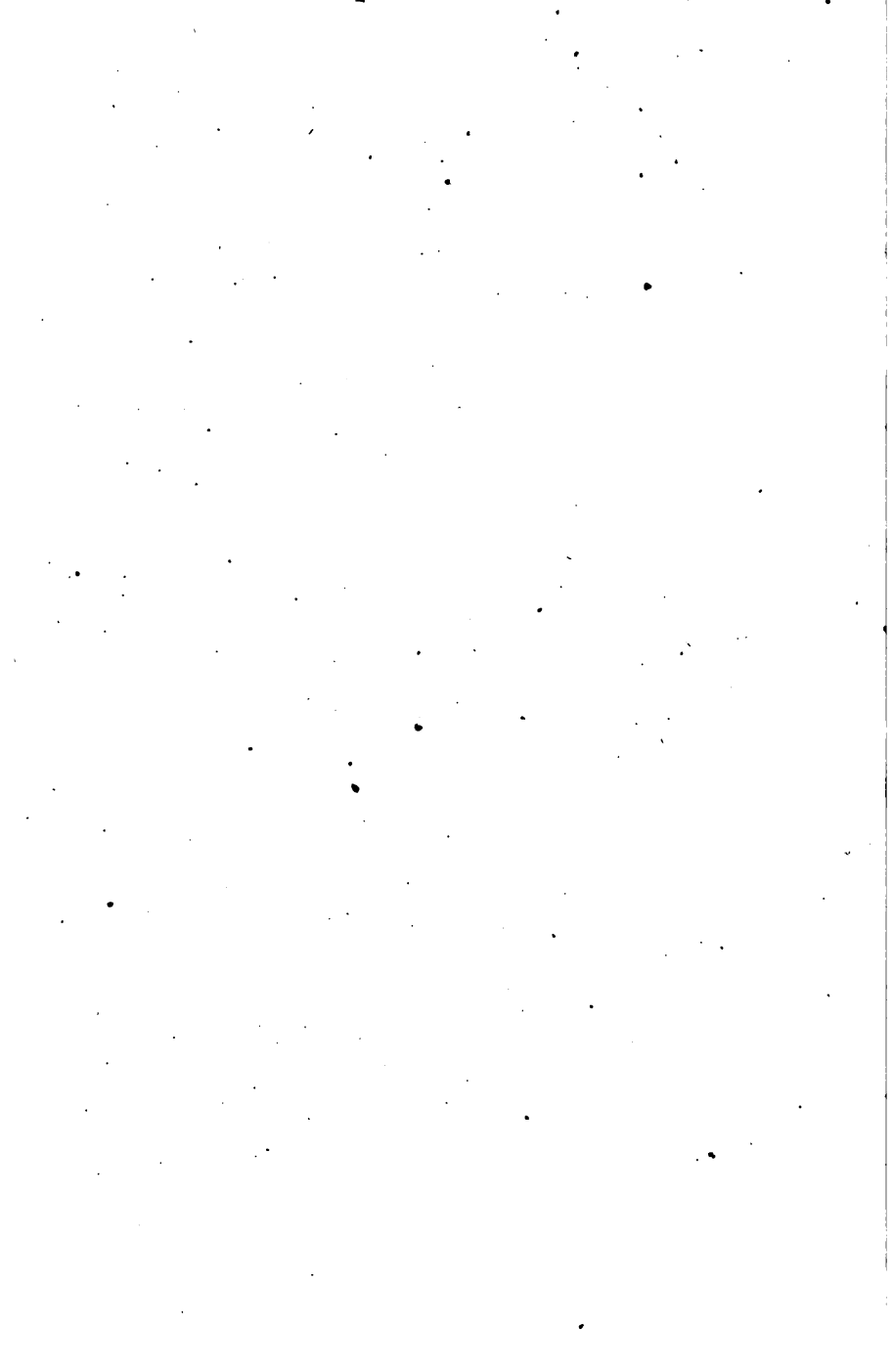
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مجله

تاریخ و جغرافیا

THE JUNIOR LADIES' READER.



THE
JUNIOR LADIES' READER,

A CHOICE AND VARIED COLLECTION OF

P R O S E A N D V E R S E ;

WITH A SYNOPSIS OF THE

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION,

EXPRESSLY ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF

THE YOUNG,

AND DESIGNED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE LADIES' READER."

By JOHN W. S. HOWS,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADIES' READER," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

1860.

EdueT 758.60.470
✓

MAR 15 1929

U.S. DISTRICT COURT

Oct 15, 1929

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

JOHN W. S. HOWS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

G. A. ALVORD, STEREOTYPED, NEW YORK.

PREFACE.

THE preparation of a "JUNIOR LADIES' READER" has been long urged upon my attention; the want of such a Text-Book having been generally experienced by Teachers. The very gratifying success, too, of my lately published "LADIES' READER," warranted the attempt to provide for JUVENILE PUPILS, a Reader which should serve as an "*Introduction*" to that work. To these inducements the present volume owes its existence. It has been prepared with great care, and is presented to the Public with a hope that it will meet the same favorable reception which has been so flatteringly bestowed upon my previous labors in Educational Literature.

The Examples for Reading and Recitation are of an exceedingly varied character. They are not hackneyed selections—the greater portion of them being new to such compilations; embracing a wide range of Standard Authors, many of whom are celebrated for their efforts to develop and form the minds of the Young. I have endeavored to make the work eminently *attractive*, and, at the same time, *suggestive* and *improving* in its character: and although I

have studiously adapted my choice of selections to the capacities of Juvenile Pupils, I have not considered it expedient to go below the level of that precocious intelligence which characterizes the Youth of our times. The "Synopsis" of Elocutionary Instruction prefixed to this work, is confidently recommended to the consideration of Teachers. It is strictly *Practical* in its character, and has been carefully adapted to the comprehensions of the most youthful of Juvenile Pupils.

JOHN W. S. HOWS.

5 COTTAGE PLACE, NEW YORK,
April 16th, 1860.

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INTRODUCTORY HINTS TO TEACHERS.

THE present work being designed exclusively for JUVENILE PUPILS, the instruction on the elementary principles it is intended to convey must necessarily be transmitted through the medium of teachers. There are many faithful and competent instructors who have not been favored with the time or the opportunity of devoting their special attention to elocutionary studies. To such the following "hints" may prove acceptable.

I assume that the only basis of instruction in this art is to lead the pupil into such clear perceptions of the *meaning* and *construction* of language, that in its delivery a full appreciation of its sense shall be *felt*. A capable teacher can interest a class by this analytical method of instruction, and by *modelling* the exercises used in reading, so that the mechanical principles of the art are rendered palpably apparent to the sense of the pupils. A well-grounded knowledge of the strictly essential rules of elocution can be secured even in the earliest stages of juvenile instruction. Especial care should be taken, however, to guard against the adoption of an artificial or conventional style of reading, too frequently attendant on all elocutionary practice. Let the teacher offer as a *model* what may be termed the *intellectual talking style* of reading, especially in *prose* examples; and even poetry may be read upon the same principles, preserving at all times the melody of the verse.

Convinced as I am from long experience that elaborate elocutionary rules are in all cases destructive in their results, I would especially guard against their adoption with the young—for they too frequently substitute mannerisms and affectations for a direct, earnest, and natural delivery. To train the youthful organs while they are yet flexible in expressive modulation, to develop the powers of the voice while thus pliant, and to establish a clear articulation of letters, and a correct enunciation of words, are points to which I have particularly devoted my attention in preparing the elementary instruction prefixed to this work. These are the all-important aids which elocutionary training affords, and which are imperative to be practised and understood by the young, who are emphatically

"creatures of imitation," and can readily be taught correctly by sounds—or acquire imperfect and vicious habits of enunciation and articulation, which are difficult to be overcome in advanced life.

Teachers should insist, in this training, upon elementary sounds—for a clear, distinct enunciation of letters agreeably to their sounds in words, giving to vowels their full power of prolongation when accented, and marking the similar power contained in consonants capable of prolongation. Attention to the *distinct syllabication of words* is also an important point of instruction, avoiding especially, however, the very common fault of dwelling with emphatic stress on every syllable. Syllables having no accent should be uttered "*trippingly* on the tongue," that is, without resting on them, but bounding from accent to accent. Attention to these points will secure a *natural* expression in reading, so desirable to be impressed on the young.

Teachers will find it an extremely beneficial exercise to practise classes on the elementary sounds of letters on the principle adopted by musical instructors, that is, by insisting upon one *uniform key* governing the whole class, and that the inflections and modulations of the voices shall be strictly the same, producing one harmonious sound. Practice, too, on examples in verse upon the same plan is a valuable exercise. Feeble voices are developed by the aid of stronger ones; the ear becomes attuned to the melody of sound, and the power of varied modulation is insensibly acquired if the attention of the class is expressly directed to the important truth that "*sound may be made an echo of the sense.*" For this purpose examples should be taken which are especially adapted for this purpose; many such will be found in the selections contained in this book. I would refer particularly to "The Falls of Lodore" as a valuable exercise for giving pliancy to the voice, and developing the power of varied and expressive modulation.

THE ESSENTIAL RULES OF ELOCUTION.

SIMPLIFIED FOR THE USE OF JUNIOR CLASSES.

IN the following compilation of rules, I have endeavored to condense the general principles of elocution into the most direct and simple form I could adopt for the instruction of young beginners. To the all-important branches of **ARTICULATION**, *which comprises the training of the organs of speech*, and to **ENUNCIATION**, *which defines the correct sounds of letters and syllables*, I have given especial prominence. For to the neglect of *early* training on these points may be traced the defective utterance in *reading and speaking* in adults. A few simple but important rules and examples on **INFLECTION**, **EMPHASIS**, and **MODULATION** are also given to initiate the learner into the introductory principles which govern these divisions of elocutionary art.

ARTICULATION.

EXERCISES IN ELEMENTARY VOWEL AND CONSONANT SOUNDS.

In practising on the *elementary vowel and consonant sounds*, care should be taken that the words are pronounced slowly and distinctly with especial reference to the sound of the *vowel* or *consonant* for which they serve as examples.

ELEMENTARY VOWEL SOUNDS.

A has eight sounds:

1. as in game, debate.
2. " any, many, miscellany, herbage.
3. " care, dare, fare.
4. " liar, regular, inward.
5. " father, calm.
6. " that, glass.
7. " all, law, salt.
8. " what, want, was.

E has five sounds:

1. as in me, theme.
2. " pretty, been, England, faces, linen.
3. " bet, end, sell.
4. " where, there, ere, e'er, ne'er.
5. " herd, merchant.

I has four sounds:

1. as in chide, decide.

2. as in machine, caprice.
3. " chin, wit, hill.
4. " bird, flirt, virtue.

O has six sounds :

1. as in tone, droll.
2. " love, money, other.
3. " do, more.
4. " woman, wolf.
5. " cost, former, nor.
6. " not, robber.

U has five sounds :

1. as in mule, pure.
2. " full, push.
3. " dull, tub.
4. " busy, minute.
5. " bury.

Y, when a vowel, has four sounds :

1. as in my, tyrant.
2. " fancy, envy.
3. " lyric, system.
4. " myrtle.

W, as a vowel, has no independent sound ; in conjunction with another vowel it forms a diphthong—as in blow, cow, howl, scowl.

N. B.—The teacher will explain to the pupil the variations in the sounds of the vowel—whether alphabetical, short, or varying in the sound of the letter.

When vowels appear in combination they are called diphthongs and triphthongs.

A diphthong is the union of two vowels in one articulation, as *ou* in sour.

A triphthong is a union of three vowels in one articulation, as *eau* in bean.

Diphthongs and triphthongs are divided into proper and improper. Proper diphthongs and triphthongs blend their vowels, and make one sound ; as *ou* in sour, and *eau* in bean. Improper have only one of their vowels vocal, as *ea* in beat, *eau* in beauty.

ELEMENTARY CONSONANT SOUNDS.

B as it sounds in rebel, robber, cub, babe, ball, bead, mob. It is silent after m, except in accumb, succumb, rhomb, lamb, bomb, thumb, and also before t in the same syllable, as in debtor.

F as heard in fancy, muffin.

H as in hat, horse, hedge, hail.

When silent, as in heir, herb, honest, hour, rhomb, rhetoric, ah, oh, humble, hostler, exhale, exhort, exhaust, exhilarate.

J as in jelly, James, and its y sound in hallelujah, joy, jar, jilt.

K as in keep, skirt, smirky, ink, or mute before *n*, as in knife, knew.

L as in sorrel, billow, love, lull, lie, lad, all, weal.

When silent, as in could, calf, talk, balm, salve.

M as in man, maim, mime, may, more, am, him, hum, deem, murmur.

P as in pay, lip, puppy.

When silent, as in pneumatics, tempt, psalm, corps, raspberry, receipt.

R as in rage, brimstone, hurra, rap, tar, hare, ire, ore, lure, bar, rare, rear, roared, rarely, drier, error, honor, terror, brier, prior, truer.

V as in valve, vaunt, cave, leave, velvet, survive, vain, levity, relieve.

W as in want, reward, woe, way, was, ware, wed, wine.

When silent, as in answer, sword, wrap, wreck, wrong.

Y as in ye, yes, young, yawn, yearly.

Sh as in short, relish.

Th as in thine, they, than, thee, bathe, beneath, them, clothe, think, with.

When silent, in asthma, isthmus, phthisic, Thomas, Thames, thyme.

W as in woe, way, was, ware, wed, wine.

Wh as in which, what, whale, when.

When silent, in whole, who, whoop.

D as in did, dawn, den, laid, mad, bed, dead, meddle, ruddy.

When taking a t sound in faced, stuffed, cracked, tripped, vexed, vouched, flashed, piqued.

When silent, as in handsome, stadtholder, and Wednesday.

G hard, as in gag, gave, gull, gull, bag, hag, log, rug, game, gone, glory, grandeur.

Soft, as in gem, giant, ginger, Egypt, gyration, badge, edge.

When silent, as in phlegm, gnash, malign, intaglio, seraglio.

N as in nun, nine, nay, now, an, den, din, manner, number, bank, distinct, bronchial, banquet, anxiously.

When silent, as in kiln, hymn.

S as in sap, passing, use, Sabbath, set, smile, strifes, sugar, sure, rakes, hope, dissolve, possess, disarm, discern, disdain, disease, dishonor, wise, disguise, otherwise, sorry, curiosity, monstrosity, as, is, was, his, has, these, those, others, ribs, rugs, praises, riches, dies, tries, flies, reserve, reside, result, expulsion, transient, mansion, version, censure, pressure, ambrosial, vision, passion, usual, pleasure, erasure.

When silent, as in aisle, corps, demesne, isle, island, puisne, viscount.

T as in ten, met, written, patient, notation, fustian, question.

When silent, as in hasten, bustle, eclat, hautboy, mortgage, chestnut.

X as in exit, exercise, excellence, luxury, expense, excuse, extent, Xenophon, Xerxes, Xanthus, doxology, proximity, vexation, relaxation, exhale, exhibit, exhort, exhaust.

Z as in zone, maze, haze, azure, zest, zinc, glazier.

Ch as in chin, chub, church, machine, chagrin, chaise, scheme, chorus, distich.

When silent, as in schism, yacht, drachm.

Ng as in sing, song, sang, mingling, arrange, derange.

O as in cart, cat, colt, cut, cur, college, cottage, cedar, cider,

cymbal, mercy, ocean, social, special, species, spacious, discern, sacrifice, suffice.

When silent, as in czar, czarina, indict, muscle, victuals.

Gh as in laugh, cough, trough.

Ph as in philosopher, caliph.

Q as in banquet, conquer, coquet.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION AND PRONUNCIATION.

Exercise on Letter A.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
fa-t'l	<i>for</i>	fa-tal.		sep-er-ate	<i>for</i>	sep-a-rate.
met'l	"	met-al.		tem-per-unce	"	tem-per-ance.
mu-si-c'l	"	mu-sic-al.		fur-ther-unce	"	fur-ther-ance.
cap-i-t'l	"	cap-i-tal.		up-pear	"	ap-pear.
nu-mer-i-c'l	"	nu-mer-ic-al.		up-prove	"	ap-prove.
crit-i-cul	"	crit-ic-al.		up-ply	"	ap-ply.
prin-ci-pul	"	prin-ci-pal.		tem-per-it	"	tem per-ate.
fes-ti-val	"	fes-ti-val.		mod-er-it	"	mod-er-ate.
test'ment	"	test-a-ment.		in-ti-mit	"	in-ti-mate.
firm'ment	"	firm-a-ment.		a-mal-gur-mate	"	a-mal-ga-mate.

Exercise on Letter E.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
ev'ry	<i>for</i>	ev-er-y.		sev'ral	<i>for</i>	sev-er-al.
b'lief	"	be-lief.		c'leb-ri-ty	"	ce-leb-ri-ty.
pr'vail	"	pre-vail.		'spy	"	es-py.
pr'dict	"	pre-dict.		'special	"	es-pe-cial.
trav'ler	"	trav-el-ler.		ev-i-dunoe	"	ev-i-dence.
mur-d'rer	"	mur-der-er.		prov-i-dunoe	"	prov-i-dence.
flut'ring	"	flut-ter-ing.		si-lunt	"	si-lent.
in-t'rest-ing	"	in-ter-est-ing.		test-a-munt	"	test-a-ment.
tel'scope	"	tel-e-scope.		mon-u-munt	"	mon-u-ment.

Exercise on Letter I.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
in-d'rect	<i>for</i>	in-di-rect.		rad'cal	<i>for</i>	rad-i-cal.
in-d's-pose	"	in-dis-pose.		sal'vate	"	sal-i-vate.
van'ty	"	van-i-ty.		can'bal	"	can-ni-bal.
am'ty	"	am-i-ty.		in-d'ca-tion	"	in-di-ca-tion.
fals'ty	"	fals-i-ty.		cer-t'n	"	cer-tain.
jub'lee	"	ju-bi-lee.		moun-t'n	"	mount-ain.
ven-t'late	"	ven-ti-late.		foun-t'n	"	fount-ain.
rid'cule	"	rid-i-cule.		vill'n-y	"	vil-lain-ny.

Exercise on Letter O.

<i>Incorrect.</i>	<i>Correct.</i>	<i>Incorrect.</i>	<i>Correct.</i>
des'late	<i>for</i> des-o-late.	croc-er-dile	<i>for</i> croc-o-dile.
rhet'ric	" rhet-o-ric.	com-prum-ise	" com-pro-mise.
hist'ry	" his-to-ry.	com-pus-i-tion	" com-po-si-tion.
mem'ry	" mem-o-ry.	phi-los-er-pher	" phi-los-o-pher.
mel'dy	" mel-o-dy.	phi-lol-er-gy	" phi-lol-o-gy.
el'quence	" el-o-quence.	zo-ol-er-gy	" zo-ol-o-gy.
col'ny	" col-o-ny.	mem-er-a-ble	" mem-o-ra-ble.
op-p'site	" op-po-site.	mel-an-chul-y	" mel-an-chol-
ob-s'lete	" ob-so-lete.	cor-rob-er-ate	" cor-rob-o-rate.

wil-ler	<i>for</i> wil-low.	win-der	<i>for</i> wind-ow.
pil-ler	" pil-low.	wid-er	" wid-ow.
fol-ler	" fol-low.	mead-er	" mead-ow.
fel-ler	" fel-low.	tug-eth-er	" to-geth-er.
hol-ler	" hol-low.	put-a-ter	" po-ta-to.
bil-ler	" bil-low.	tub-ac-cur	" to-bac-co.

Exercise on the Letter U.

<i>Instead of</i> leo-ter or lec-choor, <i>it should be</i> lect-ure.			
"	fea-ter or fea-choor,	"	feat-ure.
"	mois-ter or mois-choor,	"	moist-ure.
"	ver-der or ver-jer,	"	verd-ure.
"	fix-ter or fix-cher,	"	fixt-ure.
"	mix-ter or mix-cher,	"	mixt-ure.
"	su-ter or su-cher,	"	sut-ure.
"	tex-ter or tex-cher,	"	text-ure.
"	ves-ter or ves-cher,	"	vest-ure.
"	vul-ter or vul-cher,	"	vult-ure.
"	rup-ter or rup-cher,	"	rupt-ure.
"	sculp-ter or sculp-cher,	"	sculpt-ure.
"	stric-ter or stric-cher,	"	strict-ure.
"	ges-ter or ges-cher,	"	gest-ure.
"	struc-ter or struc-cher,	"	struct-ure.
"	for-ten or for-choon,	"	fort-une.
"	stat-er or sta-choor,	"	stat-ure.
"	stat-ew or sta-choo,	"	stat-ue.
"	stat-ewt or sta-choot,	"	stat-ute.
"	ed-y-cate,	"	ed-u-cate.
"	na-tur,	"	na-ture.

Exercise on the Letter D.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
an	<i>for</i>	and.		ben	<i>for</i>	bend.
thou-san	"	thou-sand.		frien	"	friend.
hus-ban	"	hus-band.		wine	"	wind.
en	"	end.		soun	"	sound.
lan	"	land.		roun	"	round.
han	"	hand.		groun	"	ground.
bon	"	bond.		houn	"	hound.
stan	"	stand.		fiel	"	field.
mine	"	mind.		shiel	"	shield.
boun	"	bound.		yiell	"	yield.

Exercise on the Letter G.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
eve-nin	<i>for</i>	e-ven-ing.		sha-vin	<i>for</i>	shav-ing.
morn-in	"	morn-ing.		set-tin	"	set-ting.
run-nin	"	run-ning.		hop-pin	"	hop-ping.
talk-in	"	talk-ing.		start-in	"	start-ing.
laugh-in	"	laugh-ing.		hi-din	"	hi-ding.
walk-in	"	walk-ing.		break-in	"	break-ing.
eat-in	"	eat-ing.		step-pin	"	step-ping.
drink-in	"	drink-ing.		lov-in	"	lov-ing.
sli-din	"	sli-ding.		roar-in	"	roar-ing.
treat-in	"	treat-ing.		fight-in	"	fight-ing.

Exercise on the Letter K.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
fris	<i>for</i>	frisk.		dus	<i>for</i>	dusk.
whis	"	whisk.		cas	"	cask.
des	"	desk.		tus	"	tusk.
tas	"	task.		mus	"	musk.
bas	"	bask.		hus	"	husk.
mas	"	mask.		mos	"	mosque.
ris	"	risk.		pic-tur-os	"	pict-ur-esque.

Exercise on the Letter R.

arch.	steer.	bark.	world.	a-larm.
march.	arm.	dark.	birds.	mon-arch.
starch.	harm.	mark.	are.	car-pet.
hair.	warm.	lark.	bar.	corse-let.
stair.	form.	spark.	far.	hor-net.
clear.	charm.	hark.	star.	gar-ment.

Exercise on Letter T.

<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>		<i>Incorrect.</i>		<i>Correct.</i>
bes	<i>for</i>	best.		high-es	<i>for</i>	high-est.
res	"	rest.		dear-es	"	dear-est.
nes	"	nest.		warm-es	"	warm-est.
moce	"	most.		per-fec	"	perfect.
hoce	"	host.		sub-jec	"	sub-ject.
los	"	lost.		ob-jec	"	ob-ject.
tos	"	tost.		soff	"	soft.
eas	"	east.		sof-ly	"	soft-ly.
wes	"	west.		off	"	oft.
ches	"	chest.		wep	"	wept.
les	"	lest.		kep	"	kept.
lease	"	least.		slep	"	slept.
las	"	last.		ac-cep	"	ac-cept.
gues	"	guest.		pre-cep	"	pre-cept.
trus	"	trust.		in-ter-cep	"	in-ter-cept.
tace	"	tastes.		di-rec's	"	di-rects.
cres's	"	crests.		re-spec's	"	re-spects.
coce	"	coasts.		ob-jec's	"	ob-jects.
trus's	"	trusts.		cen'se	"	cents.
burs's	"	bursis.		ten'se	"	tents.
bus's	"	busts.		aun'se	"	aunts.
thrus's	"	thrusts.		even'se	"	events.
beace	"	beasts.		el-e-men'se	"	el-e-inents.

Exercise on the Aspirate.

Aft.	.	.	Haft.	Eel.	.	.	Heel.
Ail.	.	.	Hail.	Ell.	.	.	Hell.
Air.	.	.	Hair.	Elm.	.	.	Helm.
All.	.	.	Hall.	Em.	.	.	Hem.
Alter.	.	.	Halter.	En.	.	.	Hen.
Am.	.	.	Ham.	Yew.	.	.	Hew.
And.	.	.	Hand.	Eye.	.	.	High.
Ark.	.	.	Hark.	Ill.	.	.	Hill.
Arm.	.	.	Harm.	Its.	.	.	Hits.
Arrow.	.	.	Harrow.	It.	.	.	Hit.
Art.	.	.	Hart.	Odd.	.	.	Hod.
Ash.	.	.	Hash.	Old.	.	.	Hold.
Asp.	.	.	Hasp.	Owes.	.	.	Hose.
At.	.	.	Hat.	Wale.	.	.	Whale.
Ear.	.	.	Hear.	Weal.	.	.	Wheel.
Eat.	.	.	Heat.	Wen.	.	.	When.
Eave.	.	.	Heave.	Wet.	.	.	Whet.
Edge.	.	.	Hedge.	Wine.	.	.	Whine.

Let the learner practise in pronouncing, slowly and carefully, words like the following, giving to each syllable its appropriate sound. These words are so divided, as to show the proper sound of each letter :

Mag-nan-i-mous.	Rec-om-inend-a-to-ry.
Me-lo-di-ous.	Al-le-gor-ic-al-ly.
Sta-bil-it-y.	An-te-di-lu-vi-an.
O-be-di-ence.	Pu-sil-la-nim-i-ty.
Pre-dom-in-ance.	In-ter-ro-g-a-tive-ly.
Trans-fig-u-ra-tion.	Per-pen-dic-u-lar-it-y.
Mis-cel-la-ne-ous.	Im-pen-e-tra-bil-it-y.
Phil-o-soph-ic-al.	Plen-i-po-ten-tia-ry.
Mag-na-nim-i-ty.	Et-y-mo-log-ic-al-ly.
Ad-min-is-tra-trix.	In-con-sid-er-a-ble-ness.
Rec-om-mend-a-tion.	In-ter-co-lum-ni-a-tion.
Sub-serv-i-ent-ly.	An-ti-pes-ti-len-tial.
An-ni-hi-la-tion.	Hi-e-ro-glyph-ic-al-ly.
Con-grat-u-la-to-ry.	In-con-tro-vert-i-bil-it-y.
Per-son-i-fi-ca-tion.	In-com-pre-hen-si-bil-it-y.

EXAMPLES ON PROLONGED VOWEL AND CONSONANT SOUNDS.

N. B.—The following examples may be used to exhibit the value of the prolonged *vowel* and *vocal consonant* sounds in giving expression and melody of sound to words. The practice of these examples on different keys, and the *fusing* of one word into the next following, with the use of the *suspensive* tone, will be found very beneficial where a correct model can be offered to the pupil.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

A in age, air, aim, fate.
 E in eel, Eve, ear, fear.
 I in isle, ire, mind, bind.
 O in old, oar, do, our, oil.
 U in union, use, nature, future, mature.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

B as in orb.	N as in own.
D “ aid.	R “ war.
L “ all.	V “ save.
M “ arm.	Z “ amaze.

N. B.—The following examples on *unaccented* vowel sounds are recommended for practice.

be-lieve.	pre-fer.
be-fore.	pre-fix.
be-hind.	pre-clude.
be-gin.	pre-sume.
be-stride.	pro-mote.
be-stir.	pro-claim.
be-long.	pro-trude.
be-ware.	p-ceed.

To train the voice to an adequate *compass*, and to give it *power*, I give the following examples of words, which should be pronounced by the pupil on the *middle pitch* of the voice, three times in succession, and then on its *highest pitch*, and from thence descending to the *lowest pitch*. By reversing the foregoing order of arrangement, flexibility will be given to the organs, and greater ease will be acquired in shifting from one key to another.

To acquire *power*, practise on the same examples, with gradual increase of *force*; beginning with a moderate degree of loudness, and imparting more power with every repetition until the full extent of power is attained.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Voice, air, tone, orb, star, that, bloom, urn, seer, Eve.

Fail, our, nor, art, roll, earl, wing, aim, swear, far.

Toil, eye, we, good, dare, ah, turn, fail, saw, if.

Spoil, and, globe, all, mould, or, fame, thou, then, yet.

INFLECTION.

INFLECTION is the blending or sliding of the voice either upward or downward. There are two inflections; the one called the *Upward*, or rising *Inflection*; the other the *Downward*, or *Falling Inflection*. As connected with *pauses*, there is one inflection which denotes that the sense or meaning is suspended, and another which denotes that the sense is completed. "To be carnally minded"—is—death'."

In *elementary* Elocutionary training it is essential that the *ear* should be practised on the different sounds of Inflections, and the voice should be trained to inflect with ease and facility; the following compilation of Tables will be found essential for these purposes.

Let the following list of numbers be pronounced slowly, distinctly, and loud; marking each inflection with precision.

The acute accent (') denotes the rising Inflection.

The grave accent (˘) denotes the falling Inflection.

TABLE OF INFLECTIONS.

One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten', eleven'', twelve'.

N. B.—Note that the number preceding the last is marked with a double rising inflection, to indicate that it precedes the final close of the list. The application of this rule to sentences, and groups in sentences, will be noticed under the proper heads.

One.
 One, two.
 One, two, three.
 One, two, three, four.
 One, two, three, four, five.
 One, two, three, four, five, six.
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

EXAMPLES OF THE RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS CONTRASTED.

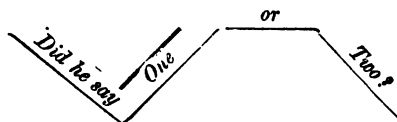
The Rising, followed by the Falling Inflection.

Does he talk rationally', or irrationally' ?
 Does he pronounce correctly', or incorrectly' ?
 Does he mean honestly', or dishonestly' ?
 Does she dance gracefully', or ungracefully' ?
 Do they act cautiously', or incautiously' ?

The Falling, followed by the Rising.

He talked rationally', not irrationally'.
 He pronounces correctly', not incorrectly'.
 He means honestly', not dishonestly'.
 She dances gracefully', not ungracefully'.
 They acted cautiously', not incautiously'.

To enable the pupil to *slide* without angularity or abruptness, a practice on the following exercise, from numbers one to ten, may be used :



GENERAL ESSENTIAL RULES ON INFLECTION.

Interrogation.

When a question commences with a verb, it terminates with the rising inflection.

When a question commences with an interrogative adverb or pronoun, it terminates with a falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Interrogations Governed by a Verb.

Did he say he would come?

Will he come?

Is he here?

Shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory', before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble and adore'? Shall guilty and condemned creatures appear in the pres-

ence of Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly'?

Interrogations Governed by Relative Pronouns.

Who will come?

Which of them will come?

What will he do?

When will he come?

Where will he go?

How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great' and noble', who only believes that after a short turn on the stage of this world', he is to sink into oblivion'', and to lose his consciousness forever'?

Who can look down upon the grave', even of an enemy', and not feel a compunctious throb', that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth'', that lies mouldering before him'?

EXCLAMATIONS of joy and surprise take the *rising*; fear, anger, scorn, grief, and awe, the *falling inflection*.

NEGATION is governed by the rising inflection, except when emphatic.

AFFIRMATION invariably by the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Affirmation.

That is my book.

Negation.

It is not my book.

I said good, not bad.

NEGATIVE SENTENCES.

Negative sentences, and negative members of sentences, when they do not conclude a paragraph, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

You are not left alone' to climb the arduous ascent—God is with you; who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail, nor the man who seeks his favor to seek it in vain'.

When a series of negative sentences conclude a paragraph, the last number of the series takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.

In death', the poor man' lays down,' at last', the burden of his wearisome life'. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master', from whom he received his scanty wages''. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw', nor be hurried away from his homely meal'', to undergo the repeated labors of the day'.

A parenthesis should be read more quickly and in a lower tone of voice, than those parts of the sentence which precede and follow it.

COMMENCING SERIES.

Each particular of a commencing series takes the rising inflection — with this special observance, that the last particular must have a greater degree of inflection, thereby intimating that the enumeration is finished.

EXAMPLES.

Beauty', strength', youth', and old age'', lie undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter'.

Hatred', malice', and anger'', are passions unbecoming a disciple of Christ'.

Regulation', proportion', order', and color'', contribute to grandeur as well as to beauty'.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

Each particular of a concluding series, except the last, takes the rising inflection. The particular preceding the last requires a greater degree of the rising inflection than the others, thereby intimating, that the next particular will close the enumeration. The last is pronounced with the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.

They, through faith, subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness'; obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight'', and turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that stronger, fuller sound of the voice by which, in reading or speaking, we distinguish the accented syllable of words on which we design to throw particular stress, in order to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. On the right management of Emphasis depend the whole life and spirit of delivery: *false* emphasis perverts the meaning of language, *feeble* emphasis is ineffective, and emphasis overdone is repulsive to good taste.

There are two kinds of emphasis:

1. Emphasis of *sense*—governed by inflection proper to the sentence.

2. Emphasis of *force*—always made with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES IN EMPHASIS.

Of Sense.

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Of Force.

Could you be so cruel?

Could you be so cruel?

I did not say so.

EXAMPLE OF ACCUMULATED EMPHASIS.

I tell you I will not do it; nothing on earth shall persuade me.

Repetition requires high rising inflection, acquiring fresh intensity from the iteration.

MODULATION.

MODULATION is the giving to each tone of the voice its appropriate character and expression—so as to produce a grateful melody to the ear.

According to the subject the *time* of modulation should be regulated. *Narration* proceeds equally; the *pathetic* slowly; *instruction*, authoritatively; determination, with vigor; and passion with rapidity.

The voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys, the low, the high, and middle, or conversational key, and to acquire the power of ranging in these with varieties of degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity, and rapidity, I recommend the practice upon the elementary sounds of LETTERS and SYLLABLES, and the examples afforded under the head of INFLECTION. Instructions in these particulars can only be efficiently carried out under a capable teacher. The following characteristics of varied modulation will be found useful to the student.

EXAMPLES.

ADORATION, ADMIRATION, SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, are governed by low, loud, slow tones.

Mournfulness, Despondency—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, without guilt—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, with guilt—very low, slow tones.

Deep emotion—low, quick, and broken tones.

Conversational voice—is light, and of moderate time.

Dignity—loud and slow tones.

Earnestness—loud, middle tone.

Revenge—loud, aspirated.

Courage—high, loud, and slow.

In the practice of reading, these varieties of expressive modulation can be better understood, and the attention directed to a more *natural* management of the tones, than by taking *isolated* passages for practice. Exaggeration and artificial tones are too frequently acquired, where modulation is practised upon the latter method.

Imitative modulation is a great power in the hands of a skilful speaker or reader. It marks the reader's appreciation of the sense and beauty of a passage. In poetic reading and recitation, this branch of elocutionary art is especially desirable to attain.

Immensity, Sublimity—are expressed by a prolongation and swell of the voice.

*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.*

Motion and sound, in all their modifications, are, in descriptive reading, more or less imitated.

To glide, to drive, to swell, to flow, to skip, to whirl, to turn, to

run, to rattle, etc., all partake of a peculiar modification of the voice, which expresses imitation.

The *sound* must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.

PAUSES.

Pauses are of consequence to a correct rendering of sense. They are of two kinds—first, emphatical pauses, and next, such as mark distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar meaning, but the most frequent use of pauses is, to mark the divisions of sense, and to allow the speaker to draw breath. By practising the pupil on the method of suspending the tone on elementary sounds of words, and then to gather the breath sufficiently to carry a long sentence to its final completion, would entirely eradicate the vicious habit of dividing words having an intimate relation to each other, by which sense is destroyed, and the force of emphasis is entirely lost by divisions being made in the wrong place.

THE JUNIOR LADIES' READER.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN READING AND RECITATION.

THE WILLOW, THE POPPY, AND THE VIOLET.—*Mrs. SIGOURNEY.*

A CHILD held in his hand a slight, leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent tree, and life still stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward; and around the head there was a bursting forth of faint-green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun shone upon them, and the young birds sang among them—but they drooped still.

“My tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am I not kind unto thee?” But it answered not. Only as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower. For it was a weeping willow.

The child cast a seed into the soft garden mould. When the time of flowers was come, a budding stalk stood there, with thin, serrated leaves.

Then a thick, red poppy came forth, glorying in its gaudy attire. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

But it lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the flowers of the grass; not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Bright poppy," said the child, "why dost thou spread out thy scarlet dress so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from the poor violet?"

Then the flaunting flower opened its rich silk mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbors. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the violet.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother, of the willow that wept, and of the poppy that overshadowed the violet.

Then she said, "There are some who are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies smile upon them.

"And there are others who are proud at heart, and despise the humble whom God regardeth.

"But keep thou ever in thy breast, gentle child, the spirit of the sweet and lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that place where pride cannot enter, and where the voice of weeping is no more heard."

ROSALIE.—DEEWENT CONWAY.

THE facts on which the following little story is founded, I became acquainted with during a summer ramble in Dauphiny, which my young readers, no doubt, know to have been one of the provinces of France, before that country was divided into departments; and which now comprehends the departments of the Isere, the upper Alps, and the Drome. The little village of La Bergère, in the latter of these, is the scene of my story; and, perhaps, when some of my young friends grow up to be men and women, they may go abroad, and see the village where my heroine Rosalie resided, and sit down under one of the almond-trees,

and think of her and her brother Albert, and of all I am going to relate.

The father of Rosalie rented a small vineyard, the produce of which was no more than sufficient to procure daily bread; but with this no one was discontented—never did the family assemble around the table, spread with bread and fruit, and milk, without expressing the gratitude of the heart to Him who had so kindly provided for their daily necessities.

Albert and Rosalie were the only children of their parents; and Albert was five years older than his sister. No children were ever more united than Albert and Rosalie. While an infant, Albert had been her little guardian; he had walked with her, and carried her across little brooks, and sat down with her, and weaved baskets of sainfoin for her; and when she passed from infancy into childhood, he became her instructor and her companion; for the *curé* of the village, having noticed the quickness and good dispositions of Albert, had a sort of paternal affection for him, and had taught him those elements of knowledge which he, in his turn, was eager to communicate to his sister.

Time thus passed away; Rosalie was just seventeen, and Albert's eighteenth birthday had arrived. Shortly before this period, a new conscription—which means an allotment of young men to serve in the army—had been ordered by the emperor; and it was, unfortunately, the very day after Albert had attained his eighteenth year, that a return was to be made of all the youths within the department who had reached that age. Albert's name was given in with the rest; and, unluckily, the next day he was drawn a conscript! Rosalie knew that this event was possible—for Albert had explained it to her; but yet when he was seen vaulting over the low wall into the vineyard, in the evening, his hat decorated with a cockade, the smile forsook her lips—she hid her face in her hands—and a torrent of tears gushed from her eyes. It was a gloomy evening within the cottage of old Dufresne; he, the bereaved father, hardly

raised his head ; his wife, the affectionate mother of Albert, did nothing but weep and lament by turns. As for Rosalie, she could not remain in the cottage, but strayed beyond the vineyard to a grassy slope, and sat her down beneath one of the almond-trees, that she might the more freely give vent to her sorrow ; and she was at last recalled to herself by the voice of her brother, who came in search of her, to bring her home, as the damps were beginning to rise. A neighbor, but one of the richest in that district, was sitting in the cottage when Rosalie returned ; he too, had that day had a son drawn a conscript ; and as Rosalie entered the house she heard him say that he had already agreed for a substitute for his son, and that the bargain would cost him five hundred francs, which my young friends know is equal to twenty sovereigns ; and Rosalie also heard that it yet wanted fourteen days of the time fixed for the march of the conscripts.

Many a time, after neighbor Dubois had taken leave, and drawn the latch after him, did Rosalie repeat to herself what he had said, and long did she ponder upon it after she had laid her head upon the pillow. Five hundred francs could save Albert ; for, with the idea of his going to the wars, Rosalie could not separate the certainty of his being killed. But how were the five hundred francs to be obtained ? Rosalie knew well her father had them not ; and as for herself, she, poor thing, had only two sous. In short, with a sad heart and swollen eyes, she dropped asleep ; but sorrows seldom pursue the youthful mind into the watches of the night—and Rosalie slept soundly, and awoke refreshed not long after the lark had sung his first hymn at the gates of heaven.

Now, I have not yet told you that Rosalie, ever since she had been a very little girl—not more, perhaps, than eight years old—had employed herself during her play hours, in a pursuit that had no doubt been to her a source of much childish delight. It was not painting that was Rosalie's pursuit ; there were no colors, no brushes to be bought, no drawing-

master to be found at La Bergère; nor, if there were, had Rosalie the means of paying for these. Neither was Rosalie's pursuit the collection of insects—she was too tender-hearted for this; for, if she caught a beautiful insect, it was with the light touch of gentleness, only to admire its purple wing, and let it go. Rosalie's pursuit was, to gather and preserve wild flowers, which she dried in so perfect a manner, that almost every charm remained with them; but, beside this, Rosalie had found out the art of taking such perfect impressions from them, upon silk (which was given to her, every year, by the Lyons merchant who bought the produce of her father's vineyard), that the grace, the tints, the freshness, all but the fragrance of the flowers, continued to live in these impressions.

Rosalie, as I have said, awoke early and refreshed, the morning after she had wept herself asleep at the thoughts of being parted from Albert; and after having dressed herself and said her prayers—in which she did not forget to name her brother—she happened to turn her eyes upon some withered mountain anemones, rare and beautiful plants, which she had plucked the day before; and these were the first flowers she had ever neglected, and allowed to wither; her *herbier* was lying open before her; she took it up and turned over the leaves, and many were the beautiful forms and lovely hues that met her eyes. "Can this," said she to herself, "be of any value?—oh, that I had not neglected these anemones, the only ones I ever found." That day, and every day for more than a week, Rosalie was absent the greater part of the morning; and every evening she applied herself with more than usual care, to the occupation of filling her *herbier*. Her father and her mother, and Albert, too, wondered that she should withdraw herself so much from the society of one she so dearly loved, and with whom she was so soon to part: but something was evidently laboring in the mind of the youthful Rosalie; at length, her affectionate mother drew from her her secret.

"Rosalie, my dear child," said her mother, one day, as

she came in with a handful of flowers, after having been long absent, "your father was seeking for you to-day, to tie the vines; but how is it, love, that when our Albert is so soon to leave us, you stay so little at home? you used to love Albert, Rosalie."

Poor Rosalie! it was too much for her to be suspected of indifference for her brother; she burst into tears, and hid her head in her mother's lap, continuing to sob bitterly. But when her mother raised her up and kissed her, and told her she was sure she loved Albert, Rosalie wiped her eyes, and told her all she had to tell. Her *herbier*, she said, she was sure must be worth something; she would carry it to Valence, and sell it: and all these days she had been occupied in seeking for flowers, more rare and more beautiful than those she possessed; she would not—she could not—part from Albert; she would labor day and night to fill her *herbier*, if she might but obtain leave to go to Valence and sell it; and here Rosalie again began to weep. No one spoke; but as her father and mother exchanged looks, their eyes, too, filled with tears. Neither father nor mother saw any prospect of good from Rosalie's project; and yet, when she ran and fetched her treasure, and spread out its beauties before them, Rosalie's scheme did not seem to their simple minds so absolutely visionary. Rosalie anxiously watched the effect of her exhibition, and seeing it favorable, beseechingly implored her parents to grant her petition: she had often, she said, walked farther in search of flowers, than to Valence; if she did not succeed, things were no worse; but she was certain of success, and her mother had a relation not far from Valence, where she could remain all night. At length her father and mother yielded—more to gratify the virtuous wish of an affectionate child, than from any other motive—and next morning was fixed for Rosalie's journey.

Rosalie went early to bed, that she might be fortified by rest, against the fatigues of the next day; and by sunrise she was ready to set out. Having carefully tied up her *herbier* in a handkerchief, and put it into a little basket

which she took to bring home some necessaries from Valence, she went on tiptoe down the wooden stairs, that she might not disturb her parents. The wakeful mother, however, heard her, and calling "Rosalie," Rosalie was the next moment in her arms; and with the kisses and blessings of both mother and father, she drew the door after her, and passed into the vineyard. There another embrace awaited her—for Albert was already at work, and watching her departure. He, although he tenderly loved his sister, and secretly wished to remain, yet felt some little pride in being destined for the pursuit of glory, and had never either thwarted or encouraged Rosalie's project, which he believed would come to nothing. One other embrace, and Rosalie had left the vineyard, and was on the road to Valence.

It was as lovely a May morning as ever broke upon the beauties of Dauphiny; the fields were yet gemmed with dew; the woods stood silent in thick masses, the uprisen sun darting its yellow rays among their trunks; the deer were standing in the glades, snuffing the breath of morning; and the little birds were trimming their moist plumes in preparation for their early soaring and matin-song. I think I see Rosalie tripping along, her little basket slung under her arm, and now and then opening the lid, and assuring herself of the safety of her treasure.

It was three long leagues to Valence, but Rosalie hardly slackened her pace all the way; for if at any time she felt a disposition to relax, the thought of her brother, and the importance of her mission, immediately gave her new strength, and urged her on her way; once or twice, indeed, she stopped to look at a flower by the way-side, and two or three times, to take out and open her *herbier*, that she might be more and more certain its contents were really as beautiful as she fancied them to be.

It was market-day at Valence; numbers of girls were standing with baskets of vegetables, butter and eggs, and some few with flowers; among the latter Rosalie took her place; being a stranger to the market-girls, all of whom

knew each other, and her little basket being closed, she was an object of some curiosity to them. For a considerable time she stood, without any one taking notice of her, considering in what way she was to display her treasure to the persons who had now begun to look into the baskets and make purchases; at length, one of the market-girls who was standing nearest to her, addressing her "*ma Petite*," requested to know if she had any thing to sell, and what she had in her basket. Rosalie drew forth her *herbier*, and was unloosening the string, when a lady coming by, asked the same question, which Rosalie answered by dropping a courtesy, and putting the *herbier* into her hand; but after examining the leaves, she returned it to Rosalie, and passed on. Soon after, another stopped, and turned over the leaves of her *herbier*; but the lady never inquired the prices of them: many others looked at Rosalie's *herbier*, all praised the beauty of her specimens, some passed extravagant encomiums upon her ingenuity, but she only found one customer—an elderly gentleman, who, calling her "*pauvre enfant*," gave her five francs for as many leaves of her *herbier*. At last poor Rosalie was left almost alone; and as she saw the girls, one by one, leave their stations, having sold the contents of their baskets, her heart quite failed her; and with tears in her eyes, she put her *herbier* into her basket, and went in search of the relation's house where she had promised to stay all night. But Rosalie had only been once before in Valence, and going out at the wrong gate, she might have walked all night before reaching the hamlet where her relation lived; but Rosalie still walked onward with a sad heart, indeed, and every minute growing more weary, and her feet more tender, from the hard paved roads, which were very different from the meadows where she used to seek for flowers. The sun was near setting, and Rosalie, entirely exhausted, and beginning to be afraid, sat down upon a stone, at the gate of a fine chateau, and began to weep.

She had sat but a very short time, when a person on

horseback stopped at the gate. Rosalie, with the instinctive civility of a French child, rose to open the gate, and at the same moment recognized the old gentleman who had given her five francs for five leaves from her *herbier*; while he also, at once knew the little interesting girl who had so ingenious a method of preserving and taking the impressions of flowers. He was one of those persons who never see distress without feeling a desire to relieve it; and when he saw Rosalie's swollen eyes and trembling steps, he kindly inquired into the cause; and dismounting from his horse, and walking up the avenue taking hold of her hand, he soon drew from her her little tale of sorrow.

The Baron Chaubert had no wife living, but he had four daughters—two about the same age as Rosalie, and two a little older; and the greatest pleasure and pride in the father was, to see his daughters instructed in all that was useful, and accomplished in all that was pleasing; and it was for their use in the study of painting that he had purchased the leaves of Rosalie's *herbier*, while at the same time he had felt a pleasure in rewarding ingenuity. Rosalie and her story were introduced to the young ladies at the same time, and nothing could exceed their admiration of the impressions on silk which Rosalie showed to them, except their admiration of the purpose for which she had carried them from home; nor could any thing exceed their anxiety to become acquainted with so pleasing an art, except their anxiety to befriend Rosalie. "I am sure, my dear children," said their father to them, "you would like Rosalie to teach you to make such charming pictures as these;" every face gladdened at the idea, and every tongue was ready to express delight at the proposal! Some fruit was ordered for Rosalie's refreshment, and quickly the little girl and her four pupils were seated at a table, silk provided, fresh flowers brought from the garden, and every face expressive of the most delighted attention, as Rosalie, taking the flowers and the silk in her hand, began to instruct them. It needed but a little while to perfect the young

ladies in the art; and in less than an hour each had a flower, graceful and glowing, upon white silk, to present to papa. "My dears," said he, examining the specimens, "we are all much indebted to our young friend, but our thanks are not sufficient; she has given to you a new source of pleasure, which, but for her, you might never have possessed; I am sure you are willing in return to continue to her a source of far higher pleasure—the society of a kind brother; go, then, to your stores and bring, each of you, what you can afford." In a moment they were at the door, and in a few minutes more they had returned, and were about to present a pretty bead purse to Rosalie, filled with silver and gold, when the baron said, "Hold, my children, I wished but to show Rosalie that virtue is sure to find sympathy and reward; but it is your father who pays for your education; the purse itself, however, shall be a gift from you. The baron, then taking Rosalie's *herbier*, put twenty-five louis-d'ors into the purse, and placed it in Rosalie's basket, saying with a smile: "Ten of them are for the *herbier*; five, for teaching my daughters your pretty art; and the other ten you are to return when you grow rich." Rosalie, all the while, could not find words to thank them, but stood with burning cheeks, down which tears of gratitude and joy rapidly followed one another.

Rosalie, exhausted with the fatigues of the day, was soon conducted to bed by her sympathizing young friends; joy, for a while kept her awake; but she at length dropped into a deep sleep—and next morning, with the kind adieus of the young ladies, she was conducted on a mule, to within a short distance of her father's vineyard. Need I tell what joy followed the narrative of her adventure, and her success; or what blessings were bestowed upon her? I am sure I need not; my young readers can easily picture the family group, and the questions and smiles, and kind looks that passed among them. But there was something beyond this—the inward contentment which follows the happy accomplishment of a virtuous resolution—and this Rosalie felt.

I have nothing to add to my story, more than that some time after this event, Dufresne and his family removed to a large vineyard on the estate of the Baron Chaubert, where, as he increased in wealth, he joyfully repaid the ten louis-d'ors, and still acknowledged in his prosperity the hand of God; and that Albert ever continued to remember with gratitude, and to repay with kindness, the affection and the services of his beloved sister.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.—HUGH HUTTON.

Oh! show me where is he,
The high and holy one,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done?"
I hear thy voice of praise,
And lo! no form is near;
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine?

Gaze on that arch above—
The glittering vault admire!
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;

Where, veiled in lowering skies,
The eagle makes his home !
Where savage nature dwells
My God is present too—
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue.

He rear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide ;
Within whose deep dark caves,
The ocean monsters hide !
His power is sovereign there,
To raise, to quell the storm ;
The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm.

Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice.

No eye nor thought can soar
Where moves not he in might ;
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh ! praise the works divine !
Bow down thy soul in prayer !
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is everywhere.

The viewless Spirit he—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh ! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife—
By the roadside fell and perish'd
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore—
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.—MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

In a fortnight Mary and Ellen had taken possession of their neat, plain room at Mrs. Maclean's, and Mr. Villars had set out on his journey to some place in Carolina. It was autumn, but the weather had not yet become at all cold. Mrs. Maclean was a lover of flowers, and the little courtyard before her house was really gay, with its golden marigolds, its pink and white artemisias, and its purple dahlias. We have said that Mrs. Maclean was a widow. She had no children of her own, and it was with real pleasure that she prepared for the reception of these young girls. Mr. Villars had sent over the furniture for their room, and she had begged that they would come over themselves and direct its arrangement. And how patiently did she obey their directions! Now the bedstead was put behind the door, because Mary thought that the right place for it; and now wheeled into the corner near the fireplace, because Ellen thought it would look best there. The looking-glass was hung first in one pier and then in the other and then moved back again

to the first. In short, every piece of furniture made a journey around the room before it found an abiding place, and yet Mrs. Maclean showed no weariness or impatience—a fact on which Ellen dilated with great emphasis to her uncle in Mrs. Merrill's presence, declaring that "Mrs. Maclean was so good-natured, she was sure she would love her dearly."

When Mr. Villars took the sisters to their home on the evening before he left H., Ellen carried him up to their room, explained to him all the advantages of its present arrangement, and especially challenged his admiration for the mantelpiece, on which Mrs. Maclean had placed two china mugs filled with her brightest flowers. More pleasant than all to Mr. Villars, was her satisfaction. While his children smiled so cheerfully, and appeared so animated, he felt that there was little to regret in their change of circumstances. It was noon the next day before Mr. Villars was at leisure to make his farewell visit at Mrs. Maclean's. As soon as he came within view of the parlor windows, he saw Ellen standing at one of them, looking out. She saw him, too, and, running out, opened the little gate for him.

"Oh, Uncle Villars, I thought you were never coming, I have been looking for you so long."

"That was very unprofitable labor, Ellen, for it could not bring me here any sooner. Where is Mary?"

"Up stairs in our room; come softly, Uncle Villars," here Ellen lowered her voice to a whisper, "come softly, and I do believe you may get close up to her without her knowing it—she is so busy sewing."

Ellen tripped lightly on herself, and Mr. Villars, with a smile, followed with as quiet a step as possible. They ascended the staircase, the door was opened without the least noise, and Ellen, motioning to her uncle to stand still, stole on toward her sister. Mary sat near the window, but though her face was toward it, she was not looking out. Her head was bent down over a piece of embroidery, and her fingers were moving quickly while she sang, in a low,

suppressed voice, to a cheerful tune, an old song, the words of which ran thus :

I will not be a butterfly,
To sport beneath the summer sky,
Idly o'er ev'ry flower to roam,
And droop when winter storms have come.

I will not be an ant, to soil
Myself with low, debasing toil,
To crawl on earth—to yon bright heaven
No wing upraised, no effort given.

But I will be a bee, to sup
Pure honey from each flow'ry cup ;
Busy and pleased around I'll fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky.

As she finished her song, Ellen, who now stood close beside her, though unperceived, took up the strain, and warbled—

Busy and pleased around I'll fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky.

“ Ah, truant !” said Mary, with a smile, “ you will not win much treasure, I am afraid. See how much I have done while you have been looking out for Uncle Villars, and all your looking has not brought him.”

“ No—but if I could only persuade you to take your eyes from your work and just give one glance over your shoulder, he would be here I know ; try it, Mary.”

“ No, butterfly, I mean to be a bee, and you shall not tempt me to lose time.”

“ There, Miss Bee, is that losing time ?” asked Ellen, as, putting a hand on each side of Mary's head, she turned it suddenly round to where Mr. Villars stood, amused by the scene.

"Why, Uncle Villars!" exclaimed Mary, dropping her work in her surprise and pleasure, and hastening to meet him, "how long have you been there?"

"Long enough to hear most of your song, Mary. But what pretty work is this?" asked Mr. Villars, as he picked it up and handed it to her.

"A cape which Mrs. Melville sent me this morning to embroider for her; and see, she has sent Ellen some cambric handkerchiefs to hem."

"And how much have you done to them, Ellen?"

"I have done half a side to one of them."

Mr. Villars shook his head, and Ellen, coloring, said, "Well, Uncle Villars, I do hate so to hem handkerchiefs; it is all the same thing over and over again. Now there is some pleasure in embroidering."

"But my little girl must learn to take pleasure in winning treasure," said Mr. Villars, pleasantly.

"I should like very well to have the treasure, Uncle Villars, if you mean money, but I do not see much pleasure in winning it."

"But I do not mean money only, Ellen, that is the treasure of earth; but you remember the bee won that of the sky too, and I would have you, my dear child, win the best of all treasures, a disciplined, well-regulated mind and heart; and the surest way to do this, is by steady perseverance in what you know to be right, however disagreeable it may be to you; and to encourage you, let me tell you that the things you like least will become pleasant to you as soon as you have made up your mind to do them, because they are right."

This was Mr. Villars's parting lesson to Ellen, for it was soon time for him to be on board the steamboat which was to take him to New York, on his way south.

THE CHILD ON THE BEACH.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

MARY, a beautiful, artless child,
Came down on the beach to me,
Where I sat, and a pensive hour beguiled
By watching the restless sea.

I never had seen her face before,
And mine was to her unknown;
But we each rejoiced on that peaceful shore
The other to meet alone.

Her cheek was the rose's opening bud,
Her brow of an ivory white;
Her eyes were bright as the stars that stud
The sky of a cloudless night.

To reach my side as she gayly sped,
With the step of a bounding fawn,
The pebbles scarce moved beneath her tread,
Ere the little light foot was gone.

With the love of a holier world than this
Her innocent heart seemed warm;
While the glad young spirit looked out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylphlike form.

Her soul seemed spreading the scene to span
That opened before her view,
And longing for power to look the plan
Of the universe fairly through.

She climbed and stood on the rocky steep,
Like a bird that would mount and fly
Far over the waves, where the broad, blue deep
Rolled up to the bending sky.

She placed her lips to the spiral shell,
And breathed through every fold ;
She looked for the depth of its pearly cell,
As a miser would look for gold.

Her small, white fingers were spread to toss
The foam, as it reached the strand :
She ran them along in the purple moss,
And over the sparkling sand.

The green sea egg, by its tenant left,
And formed to an ocean cup,
She held by its sides, of their spears bereft,
To fill, as the waves rolled up.

But the hour went round, and she knew the space
Her mother's soft word assigned ;
While she seemed to look with a saddening face
On all she must leave behind.

She searched mid the pebbles, and, finding one
Smooth, clear, and of an amber dye,
She held it up to the morning sun,
And over her own mild eye.

Then, "Here," said she, "I will give you this,
That you may remember me!"
And she sealed her gift with a parting kiss,
And fled from beside the sea.

Mary, thy token is by me yet :
To me 'tis a dearer gem
Than ever was brought from the mine, or set
In the loftiest diadem.

It carries me back to the far-off deep,
And places me on the shore,
Where the beauteous child, who bade me keep
Her pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure and bright,
In a soul that is young, and free
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart
In memory meets me there,
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,
Was caught by the ocean air.

Blest one! over Time's rude shore, on thee
May an angel guard attend,
And "a white stone bearing a new name," be
Thy passport when time shall end!

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Cool shades and dewes are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

HYMN.—MRS. OPIE.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower;
But bears the impress, Lord, of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all
The smallest, like the greatest things;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise;
To favored man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise!

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.—MACAULAY.

Oh! weep for Moncontour,
Oh! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness
And evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois
Triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled
For their rights and their God.

Oh! weep for Moncontour,
Oh! weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom
Lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh! weep for the living
Who linger to bear,
The renegade's shame,
Or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look,
To the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines,
And the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones
Of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed
That our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee,
Dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri,
The shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence,
The vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou,
And the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountain,
Farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths,
And the dance of thy maids.
To the breath of thy garden,
The hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line
Of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and forever.
The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls
Of the free and the brave;—
Our hearths we abandon;—
Our lands we resign;
But, Father, we kneel
To no altar but thine.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.—MRS. HOFLAND.

“Do not ask me to go to America, dear James,” said Mary Simpson to her husband, “and I will do any thing—this very morning I will go and work in the fields, for I can get the squire’s dog-keeper to watch the dear child, and you shall see that I do my part as well as any one.”

James sighed as he consented; for he knew, though Mary

was willing to labor, that she had not strength sufficient for that which was required, and that she had abilities for superior employment. He carried their lovely little boy for her into the fields, and placed him under the care of the good-natured dog-keeper, who was found there with the bailiff of the estate, and then went to his own employment, wondering as he went, at Mary's resistance to his wishes, which were—that he should follow his brother, who had found in the back settlements of the United States, a comfortable and plentiful subsistence for himself and family, whilst he toiled in vain to support his young wife and their only child, as a laborer in Sussex.

Whilst Mary exerted herself, yet found it was to little purpose, and cast many an anxious look toward her sleeping boy, the squire's lady and a female friend, took a turn in the field; and she heard the latter remark, "that it was now become a new thing to her to see women work out of doors, as they never did it in America."

"Well, that is a good thing, at least," said Mrs. Curtis; "but I suppose, if they do not work so hard as our poor women, they have other evils to encounter which are still worse to bear, Mrs. Sandham?"

"Indeed, I think not; for, in our own populous country the poor work hard, and are poorly fed; whereas, *there*, food is cheap and plentiful, and though a laborer's house is formed only of logs, it is as good as his neighbor's; so that there is neither pride awakened, nor envy excited."

"You have lived amongst those people, my dear, till you are quite fond of them, which, I confess, was not my case during the summer I spent with you at Raleigh."

"You did not remain long enough; you saw the husk, but not the kernel, of the American character. We were then gay English girls, used only to the polished society of London, and pained by a removal from its pleasures; our minds were not sufficiently informed for us to estimate the virtues, or understand the situation, of those strangers by whom we were surrounded. I am again in my own coun-

try, and with my own kindred—but never do I pass a day without recalling gratefully the generous conduct of the Americans to mind, and never shall child of mine cease to honor the land of his birth, and emulate its virtues.”

Every word uttered by this lady, in the warmth of her feelings thus casually awakened, fell distinctly on the ear of Mary, and thence reached her very heart. She blamed her foolish fear of the voyage and the distance, began to believe that good people might be found everywhere, and think it very natural that her husband should desire to follow the example of a brother to whom emigration had answered so well; and, on her return to their cottage, so great a change had taken place in her sentiments on this point, that, from this time forward, the only anxiety of James was how to execute the project in question.

To save money appeared to be almost impossible; yet, save they did; but sickness and prostrated strength were the consequence, and this, of course, deferred the prosecution of their plan; and although the good brother sent them money for their voyage, he earnestly entreated them to delay it until they were really well; observing, “that much rough work must be gone through by every settler, and it would never do for them to be weakly in the beginning.”

Under these circumstances it happened that little James was become nearly seven years old when he actually arrived at New York—a healthy, stout little fellow, full of observation and intelligence, charmed with all he saw, and delighted to exchange the monotony of a sea life for the moving picture of Broadway, or the shores of the Hudson. Much did he grieve, and his mother no less, when they took their departure from thence; and, after passing many a league of land uninhabited by man, many an immense forest and wide-spreading prairie, they at length found themselves at the end of their toilsome travels, in a place unlike all they had ever seen before, and which, at the first glance, appeared one immense garden of flowers, but, as the power of observation increased, did not offer any

thing which denoted either a village or a city to their eyes, which now eagerly sought for an abiding home after their long travels.

But here, in a newly-rising settlement near to Lexington, they found the friend and brother so earnestly desired; and they were received with a warmth of affection and a profusion of hospitable attentions, well calculated to cheer their hearts and awaken their hopes. The room into which they were conducted was much larger than any to which they had been accustomed; and although to Mary's eye it wanted snugness, and, in some respects, neatness, yet the air of abundance presented by the rafters, on which hung dried venison, hams and bacon, the bright utensils which gleamed over the fire-place, the handsome matron who gave her the kiss of welcome, and the large family of young folks who received her with kindness and respect, gave her a sense of comfort and plenty to which she had been long a stranger.

Little James alone was discontented; for, indeed, he had been so ever since they left New York, which, being by much the largest and greatest place he had ever beheld, he thought it folly to quit. His new-found cousins were all so much older, that he could not see one who would condescend to be a companion to a boy so young as himself; and their manners appeared to him so uncouth, that he could not desire to be intimate with any of them.

Richard Simpson was a sensible man, as well as an affectionate brother; he turned round in his mind who would best suit his nephew as a playmate; and the next day, Frank Atkins, the son of an industrious Irishman, who was employed as a builder in Lexington, entered the house at dinner-time, and seated himself by the newly-arrived English lad.

"Well, here you are at last, Jemmy," said he, in the tone of an old acquaintance; "and isn't it myself that'll show you every thing, and tache you every thing, in this jewel of a country, where, as yet, I guess you feel quare enough."

James was pleased with the handsome, open countenance

of his new friend, and very willing to go with him to see every thing; but the word *teach* stuck a little on his stomach, for he had found that half of his grown-up cousins could not read or write so well as himself, and as to casting up a sum in the way he did it, that was quite out of the question. All the kind of knowledge his father could give to one so young, had been communicated, of course: he could lead the plough, handle the pitchfork, and fodder the cattle—what would they have more?

But James soon found that, in the new world, new acquirements were called for; and happily for him, new rewards granted. His abilities of every kind were soon called into action, whilst his parents took care that he persevered and improved in the exercise of those acquisitions he had made in England, and which they had wisely procured him, under the idea that however provident the government might be, a thinly-scattered population, in a new country, must be long ere it could avail itself of the means of instruction.

If ever "knowledge is power," it must be so to those who are situated like our travellers; and, although they, like those around them, first sought a grant of land on which James Simpson might labor, the talents of his wife, who was not only an excellent general seamstress, but capable of tailor's work, were soon put in requisition, and so liberally rewarded, as materially to assist her husband in the stocking of his farm. James, cheered with the magnificent trees, became, through his young friend's persuasion, expert at cabinet-work, to which Frank had been taught to apply, and he rewarded the good-natured boy's instruction by teaching him to write, and lending him all the books he had; and their mutual power of each assisting the other, naturally increased their affection and stimulated their exertions. James was quiet and steady—Frank, gay and noisy; yet they were always happy when together.

Yet Frank did not solely engross the affections of James, for within the three following years two little sisters were

born, whom he loved very dearly, and promised his mother to educate himself, so far as he was able. Surrounded as they were by people of various countries and different habits, it struck the boy that it was desirable that all which might be deemed good in each, ought to be combined in the conduct of such as were actually born in the country; but above all, he wished to inculcate the necessity for obeying their parents, and, to a certain degree, looking up to himself as an elder brother capable of guiding them.

And great, indeed, was the good produced by their example, so that the little spot where they resided was spoken of at Lexington as the most civilized spot in Kentucky; and some gentlemen of enlightened minds, who anxiously wished to benefit the country, sought to stimulate the efforts and reward the exertions of our young emigrant. For this purpose, they placed him in a school which would employ a certain portion of his time, yet leave him the power of pursuing his business in another. They presented him with useful books and valuable instruments, and increased the grant of land made to his father. These acquisitions did not in the least render him arrogant or presuming; on the contrary, he considered that, as his best quality had been humble attention to his dear parents in infancy, affectionate attention would become him as he advanced toward manhood. Indeed, the older and wiser he grew, the more manfully did he comprehend the value of their conduct to him, in having, even in the days of poverty and trouble, exacted from him implicit obedience to their dictates (which was coupled with the tenderest love, for he was then their all), since it was not less the source of his worldly prosperity than his happiness. In a few years, the good uncle who had invited them over, beheld his poor brother a more flourishing man than he had ever been, and derived his greatest happiness from witnessing theirs—for his own family, self-willed and rude, had gone out from him on every side, with little regard to the feelings of him who had labored for them so affectionately. But as these persons themselves

settled in life, and became parents, their early affections were recalled; they saw the value of their young cousin's example and instructions, and were eager to place their children under his tutelage. The lately scattered dwellings now became a wide-spreading village, in which every species of industry and ingenuity were prosecuted. Some cultivated the earth, which everywhere rewarded them with abundance; some felled the noble trees to clear the ground, and then formed them into every species of household furniture and utensils, or constructed vessels in which they could navigate the Ohio, or reach the Mississippi, for purposes of commerce. They built a church, in which to worship the God who had thus spread for them "a table in the wilderness," and projected numerous institutions which time alone was wanting to carry into full effect. They were a small, but sacred band of relations, who had married women of various countries, whom they treated with a kindness and courtesy that elicited all their virtues, so that in this settlement were united the warm-hearted hospitality of the Irish character, the prudence and foresight of the Scottish, the energy, industry and perseverance of the English, with the determined exertion and patient resolution which spring from their union, and form the true ingredients of the enterprising American.

Such was this rising settlement, when a worthy descendant of the excellent Colonel Boone made an expedition to that country, which his renowned ancestor had known as the "Bloody Grounds," and where he had dwelt in all the desolation of solitude, the dread of Indian irruption, and that distressing sensation of having placed a great gulf between himself and his fellow-men, which must create in the bravest minds a sense of fear and degradation. His descendant could not forbear to retrace the feelings of one he had been taught to love and honor: as he re-entered the scene of his labors, what then was his astonishment to find

"That Paradise was opened in the wild!"

for all around him was flourishing and luxuriant as the garden of Eden. Proceeding to a closer investigation, he found that the human beings dwelling there, opened not less agreeably on his contemplation, than the flowery banks of the river, and the towering forest behind them. Never had he beheld such noble-looking, athletic men, such lovely, active women, and such intelligent, good-natured children.

"Ah!" cried he, "how different must these people be to the race I have heard described as 'half-horse, half-alligator,' 'the snags of Kentucky!' These are *men* in the highest sense of the word—men, free, but not savage—men, brave, but not overbearing—men, prudent, but not mean—in short, they are *Christian* men; dutiful to their parents, kind to their neighbors, compassionate to the suffering, and willing to assist every one. They are solicitous to obtain knowledge, and wise in applying it to every good and useful purpose."

And no sooner did this interesting body of inhabitants know that the representative of their most efficient founder was come amongst them, desirous of witnessing their progress and sharing in their gratitude and joy, than they hastened, one and all, to welcome him; the oldest inhabitants leading the procession, and the young ones following with flowers and branches in their hands, indicative of the products of the land, where they were most valuable. It was a simple and hasty tribute of good-will, but one which kings might have envied, for it was "the homage of the heart;" nevertheless, it was one which would never have been tendered if a civilized and polished mind had not been inculcated along with an industrious and manly spirit.

Of this, their present visitant was fully sensible, for he knew the nature of mankind, and how much the qualities of human beings depend on human culture. As his quick eye glanced round admiringly, on the gallant forms of the young men, the fine countenances of their fathers, the modest dignity of their matrons, and the innocent sprightliness

of the maidens, his eyes glistened with tears of delight, and he exclaimed :

"This is far beyond my hopes ; who can have made ye what ye are ?"

"One emigrant—one little emigrant," cried the old man at their head. "He taught our children to be dutiful and obedient, and set them the example. From this course, the degree of wisdom we had gained became of use to them, and the improvement they made upon our knowledge rendered of tenfold value ; in short, sir, we all pulled together, both in our families and as a community. In helping each other we helped ourselves ; and so, by degrees, huts became houses ; a village a town ; and a rock a church. Planks have grown into ships ; sheep-skins into good coats ; and food scarcely fit for human beings into comparative dainties. He said it would be so, and he proved a true prophet."

"And has he left you after effecting so much !"

"Oh, no ; that is his house, with the large garden and the curious trees. He never leaves us willingly ; but he could not remain always a boy, teaching the little ones ; so now he is a man, and we have the honor to send him to Congress as our representative, where he speaks for our benefit, and is listened to by every body. Mayhap you have heard of James Simpson, even there ?"

"Indeed, I have ; for he is my dear and esteemed friend, and was, in fact, the person who induced me to take this journey, though he did it indirectly. You have a right to be proud of him, for he is one of the *greatest* men in America."

"I believe it, I believe it," replied the old man ; "but in these parts we like merely to remember him as one of the *best* ; and if he lived to become the president himself, we should still love him best in his young days, and call him our own dear 'Young Emigrant.'"

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.—EDMUNDELL ELLIOTT.

FLOWERS! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak:
Oh, softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.
How like a form in cold white stone,
The confined infant lies!
Look, mother, on thy little one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still:
Flowers! oh, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er the unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring!
Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek;
Oh, haste! the last of five is dead!
The childless cannot speak!

"PASSING AWAY."—PIERPONT.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,

When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—

Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;—
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face :—yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;—
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
“Passing away ! passing away !”

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan ;
Stooping and staff'd was her withered frame,
Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept.
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone—
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay)—
“Passing away ! passing away !”

A PARENTAL ODE—THOMAS HOOD.

THOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)

Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My Elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 • Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

THE FAMILY MEETING.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WE are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*;
 To-night let no cold stranger come:
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found:
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot:
 For once be every care forgot;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour;
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band:
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has his share—

We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old—

We *are* all here.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.

Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!

So, in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all *here*!

England. She rises and goes to the window. There, amid patches of garden-ground and cornfield, she sees the few wretched hovels of the settlers, with the still ruder wigwams and cloth tents of the passengers who had arrived in the same fleet with herself. Far and near stretches the dismal forest of pine-trees, which throw their black shadows over the whole land, and likewise over the heart of this poor lady.

All the inhabitants of the little village are busy. One is clearing a spot on the verge of the forest for his homestead; another is hewing the trunk of a fallen pine-tree, in order to build himself a dwelling; a third is hoeing in his field of Indian corn. Here comes a huntsman out of the woods, dragging a bear which he has shot, and shouting to the neighbors to lend him a hand. There goes a man to the seashore, with a spade and a bucket, to dig a mess of clams, which were a principal article of food with the first settlers. Scattered here and there are two or three dusky figures, clad in mantles of fur, with ornaments of bone hanging from their ears, and the feathers of wild birds in their coal-black hair. They have belts of shell-work slung across their shoulders, and are armed with bows and arrows, and flint-headed spears. These are an Indian Sagamore and his attendants, who have come to gaze at the labors of the white men. And now rises a cry that a pack of wolves have seized a young calf in the pasture; and every man snatches up his gun or pike, and runs in chase of the marauding beasts.

Poor Lady Arbella watches all these sights, and feels that this new world is fit only for rough and hardy people. None should be here but those who can struggle with wild beasts and wild men, and can toil in the heat or cold, and can keep their hearts firm against all difficulties and dangers. But she is not one of these. Her gentle and timid spirit sinks within her; and turning away from the window she sits down in the great chair, and wonders whereabouts in the wilderness her friends will dig her grave.

Mr. Johnson had gone, with Governor Winthrop and most of the other passengers, to Boston, where he intended to build a house for Lady Arbella and himself. Boston was then covered with wild woods, and had fewer inhabitants even than Salem. During her husband's absence, poor Lady Arbella felt herself growing ill, and was hardly able to stir from the great chair. Whenever John Endicott noticed her despondency, he doubtless addressed her with words of comfort. "Cheer up, my good lady!" he would say. "In a little time you will love this rude life of the wilderness as I do." But Endicott's heart was as bold and resolute as iron, and he could not understand why a woman's heart should not be of iron too.

Still, however, he spoke kindly to the lady, and then hastened forth to till his cornfield and set out fruit-trees, or to bargain with the Indians for furs, or, perchance, to oversee the building of a fort. Also, being a magistrate, he had often to punish some idler or evil-doer by ordering him to be set in the stocks or scourged at the whipping-post. Often, too, as was the custom of the times, he and Mr. Higginson, the minister of Salem, held long religious talks together. Thus John Endicott was a man of multifarious business, and had no time to look back regretfully to his native land. He felt himself fit for the new world, and for the work that he had to do, and set himself resolutely to accomplish it.

What a contrast, my dear children, between this bold, rough, active man, and the gentle Lady Arbella, who was fading away, like a pale English flower, in the shadow of the forest! And now the great chair was often empty, because Lady Arbella grew too weak to arise from bed.

Meantime, her husband had pitched upon a spot for their new home. He returned from Boston to Salem, travelling through the woods on foot, and leaning on his pilgrim's staff. His heart yearned within him; for he was eager to tell his wife of the new home which he had chosen. But when he beheld her pale and hollow cheek, and found how

her strength was wasted, he must have known that her appointed home was in a better land. Happy for him, then, —happy both for him and her—if they remembered that there was a path to heaven, as well from this heathen wilderness as from the Christian land whence they had come. And so, in one short month from her arrival, the gentle Lady Arbella faded away and died. They dug a grave for her in the new soil, where the roots of the pine-trees impeded their spades; and when her bones had rested there nearly two hundred years, and a city had sprung up around them, a church of stone was built upon the spot.

SOUTHERN SEAS.—MARY HOWITT.

Yes! let us mount this gallant ship;
Spread canvas to the wind;
Up! we will seek the glowing south,
Leave care and cold behind.
Let the shark pursue through the waters blue,
Our flying vessel's track;
Let strong winds blow, and rocks below
Threaten—we turn not back.
Trusting in Him who holds the sea
In his almighty hand,
We'll pass the awful waters wide,
Tread many a far-off strand.
Right onward as our course we hold,
From day to day, the sky
Above our head its arch shall spread
More glowing, bright and high.
And from night to night—oh, what delight!
In its azure depths to mark
Stars all unknown come glittering out
Over the ocean dark

The moon uprising like a sun,
So stately, large and sheen;
And the very stars like clustered moons
In the crystal ether keen.
While all about the ship below,
Strange fiery billows play,
The ceaseless keel through liquid fire
Cuts wondrously its way.
But oh, the south! the balmy south!
How warm the breezes float!
How warm the amber waters stream
From off our basking boat.
Come down, come down from the tall ship's side!
What a marvellous sight is here!
Look! purple rocks and crimson trees,
Down in the deep so clear.
See! where those shoals of dolphins go,
A glad and glorious band,
Sporting among the day-bright woods
Of a coral fairy-land.
See! on the violet sands beneath,
How the gorgeous shells do glide!
O Sea! old Sea, who yet knows half
Of thy wonders and thy pride?
Look how the sea-plants trembling float
All like a mermaid's locks,
Waving in thread of ruby red
Over those nether rocks.
Heaving and sinking, soft and fair,
Here hyacinth—there green,
With many a stem of golden growth,
And starry flowers between.
But away! away! to upper day,
For monstrous shapes are here,
Monsters of dark and wallowing bulk,
And horny eyeballs drear.

The tusked mouth, and the spiny fin,
Speckled and warted back,
The glittering swift, and the flabby slow,
Ramp through this deep-sea track.
Away! away! to upper day,
To glance o'er the breezy brine,
And see the nautilus gladly sail,
The flying-fish leap and shine.
But what is that? "'Tis land! 'tis land!—
'Tis land!" the sailors cry.
Nay! 'tis a long and narrow cloud,
Betwixt the sea and sky.
'Tis land! 'tis land!" they cry once more;
And now comes breathing on
An odor of the living earth,
Such as the sea hath none.
But now I mark the rising shores!
The purple hills!—the trees!
Ah! what a glorious land is here,
What happy scenes are these!
See, how the tall palms lift their locks
From mountain clefts; what vales,
Basking beneath the noon-tide sun,
That high and hotly sails.
Yet all about the breezy shore,
Unheedful of the glow,
Look how the children of the south
Are passing to and fro.
What noble forms! what fairy place!
Cast anchor in this cove,
Push out the boat, for in this land
A little we must rove.
We'll wander on through wood and field,
We'll sit beneath the vine;
We'll drink the limpid cocoa milk,
And pluck the native pine.

The bread-fruit and cassada-root,
And many a glowing berry,
Shall be our feast, for here at least
Why should we not be merry?
For 'tis a southern paradise,
All gladsome—plain and shore;
A land so far, that here we are,
But shall be here no more.
We've seen the splendid southern clime,
Its seas, and isles, and men,
So now! back to a dearer land,
To our own home again!

THE CRIPPLE-BOY.—LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

UPON an Indian rush-mat, spread
Where burr-oak boughs a coolness shed,
Alone he sat, a cripple-child,
With eyes so large, so dark and wild,
And fingers, thin and pale to see,
Locked upon his trembling knee.
A-gathering nuts so blithe and gay,
The children early tripped away;
And he his mother had besought
Under the oak to have him brought;—
It was ever his seat when blackbirds sung
The wavy, rustling tops among;—
They calmed his pain, they cheered his loneliness—
The gales—the music of the wilderness.

Upon a prairie wide and wild,
Looked off that suffering cripple-child:
The hour was breezy, the hour was bright;—
Oh, 'twas a lively, a lovely sight!
An eagle sailing to and fro
Around a flitting cloud so white—

Across the billowy grass below
Darting swift their shadows' light :—
And mingled noises sweet and clear,
Noises out of the ringing wood,
Were pleasing trouble in his ear,
A shock how pleasant to his blood :
Oh, happy world ! beauty and blessing slept
On every thing but him—he felt and wept.

Humming a lightsome tune of yore,
Beside the open log-house door,
Tears upon his sickly cheek
Saw his mother, and so did speak :
“What makes his mother's Henry weep ?
You and I the cottage keep ;
They hunt the nuts and clusters blue,
Weary lads, for me and you ;
And yonder see the quiet sheep ;—
Why now, I wonder why you weep !”
“Mother, I wish that I could be
A sailor on the breezy sea !”
“A sailor on the stormy sea, my son !—
What ails the boy ?—what have the breezes done !”

“I do !—I wish that I could be
A sailor on the rolling sea ;
In the shadow of the sails
I would ride and rock all day,
Going whither blow the gales,
As I have heard a seaman say :
I would, I guess, come back again
For my mother now and then ;
And the curling fire so bright,
When the prairie burns at night ;
And tell the wonders I had seen
Away upon the ocean green ;”
“Hush ! hush ! talk not about the ocean so ;
Better at home a hunter hale to go.”

Between a tear and sigh he smiled ;
And thus spake on the cripple-child :
"I would I were a hunter hale,
Nimble than the nimble doe,
Bounding lightly down the dale,
But that will never be, I know !
Behind the house the woodlands lie ;
A prairie wide and green before ;
And I have seen them with my eye
A thousand times or more ;
Yet in the woods I never strayed,
Or on the prairie-border played ;—
Oh, mother dear, that I could only be
A sailor-boy upon the rocking sea !"

You would have turned with a tear,
A tear upon your cheek ;
She wept aloud, the woman dear,
And further could not speak :
The boy's it was a bitter lot
She always felt, I trow ;
Yet never till then its bitterness
At heart had grieved her so.
Nature had waked the eternal wish ;
—*Liberty*, far and wide !—
And now, to win him health, with joy,
She would that morn have died.
Till noon she kept the shady door-way chair,
But never a measure of that ancient air.

Piped the March-wind ; pinched and slow
The deer were trooping in the snow ;
He saw them out of the cottage-door,
The lame boy sitting upon the floor :
"Mother, mother, how long will it be
Till the prairie go like a waving sea ?
Will the bare woods ever be green, and when ?

Oh, will it ever be summer again?"
She looked in silence on her child:
That large eye, ever so dark and wild,
Oh me, how bright!—it may have been
That he was grown so pale and thin.
It came, the emerald month, and sweetly shed
Beauty for grief, and garlands for the dead.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.—MRS. HEMANS.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

CHRISTMAS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE glowing censers, and their rich perfume;
The splendid vestments, and the sounding choir:
The gentle sigh of soul-subduing piety;
The alms which open-hearted charity
Bestows, with kindly glance;

And those which e'en stern avarice,
Though with unwilling hand,
Seems forced to tender ; an offering sweet
To the bright throne of mercy ; mark
This day a festival.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled.
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung ;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—ANONYMOUS.

Two or three years ago, some of our young friends may have read or heard of Florence Nightingale. For when the dreadful war was raging between the Russians on one side, and the English, French, Sardinians and Turks on the other,

that lady was busy doing works of mercy in the hospitals far off in the east, where soldiers were brought in sick from the camp, or wounded from the battle. Again, of late, her name has been much spoken, because the good people of her native land, remembering her deeds of self-denying, generous kindness, wish to rear, in England, a house for the suffering sick, as a fit monument of this fair lady's works of Christian charity.

How much a single gentle woman can do, with a heart full of love to Jesus and her afflicted fellow-men! How much a single gentle child can do, with a right, heavenly will! Very true, Miss Nightingale enjoyed many advantages which most persons who would imitate her, lack. But the glory of her character lies in the loving, heavenly use of the gifts she possesses. Not every one of us sees the small powers or great blessings God bestows upon his mind and station, and thinks to use them with wise care for his Lord's honor and man's best benefit.

This lovely lady, for example, is what is termed in foreign countries a person of rank—born of one of those families upon whom titles, honors and privileges are conferred by their government. Instead of indulging her pride on account of her condition, she uses the influence it affords her to give dignity to her lowly labors, and to set her peers an example of loving kindness to the wretched.

She is a lady of wealth. Instead of spending her riches in luxuries to please her senses, vanity, or fancy, she denies herself the indulgences of idleness, and even of taste, to buy comforts for sufferers, and minister very diligently to their wants with her hands.

She is a lady of fine education and pleasing manners. What a figure she might make in circles of society, if ruled only by a weak desire of admiration! How much frothy fame she might acquire in the elegant world, if that could soothe her conscience or satisfy the noble longings of a pious heart! But she lays the gifts that came from heaven an offering upon Christ's altar, and uses the endowments of

her mind and person to soothe the sadness of misery, and shed their soft charms in the dim chamber of disease.

Miss Nightingale is tall and slender, has light hair, a calm blue eye, firm in its expression when she chooses, a pale countenance, wearing usually a reserved and melancholy look, but lighted up at intervals by the sweetest of smiles and the spiritual beauty of her thoughts. Yet in the morning of her life, she seems to count the allurements of rank and riches, talents and cultivation, of little worth, that she may devote herself to the nursing of the sick and consolation of the dying. These are her pleasures. From her rural home in the vale of Holloway, in Derbyshire, her gentle genius first showed itself, going out in ministries to the poor and sick in the hamlets around Lea Hurst.

To fulfil these offices with skill, she made them a subject of reflection and study, and strove to learn the most successful practices in acts of charity from the experience of older persons and tried institutions. The pastor Fliedner had an establishment at Kaiserswerth, not far from Dusseldorf, on the river Rhine. There was a hospital, an asylum for the insane, charity schools, and a place for training Protestant deaconesses to be nurses and teachers, from which hundreds have gone to labor in parts of Europe and America.

For months she was an inmate of this good pastor's family, learning all the practices of the institution, and growing familiar with the details of its management; and when she returned to England she published the wonderful story in a pamphlet, and set up in London the same system of charities which she had studied in Kaiserswerth. Instead of retiring to the elegant home of her family, in Hampshire, or enjoying the repose of their summer house in Derbyshire, she employed her gifts, her time, her money, in the hospital for sick-governesses in a dreary street in London.

Afterward, when dread war raged in the Crimea, and the poor soldiers, suffering from sickness and wounds, were ill off for nurses and medical care, she left England for Turkey,

smiling at the perils of sea and land, and with a band of forty helpers, speeding like angels of mercy over the distance and the deep, made her home and the scene of her labors the hospital at Scutari, on the waters of the Bosphorus, opposite the city of Constantinople. She yielded to the call of ministers of the crown, which summoned her from her quiet duties to a public sphere; but she seemed chosen by Providence for her healing work, and devoted herself cheerfully to her blessed task.

At Scutari, the many sick were found to be in a wretched condition. There was but little linen for the use of the neglected patients, and she bought it for them, with money from her own purse, to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The hospitals had no laundry, but she and her nurses made arrangements for washing the linen, and some of the ladies took a part in performing that work. There were no trained cooks, and she set up a private kitchen, where fit food for weak stomachs could be prepared, and thus helped to save many a brave man's life. She saw that there was too small space for other invalids, and paid the workmen to repair a large wing of the barrack-hospital, which had grown useless through decay. The very day when the repairs were finished, as many sick and wounded soldiers arrived from the Crimea as would fill that wing, and there was no other place for them. But its wards were as bare of furniture as barns, and nobody would provide it; and again she advanced the money to buy the furniture.

Where faces were most disfigured, where wounds were most offensive, where the spectacle was most loathsome, or the disease most contagious, there the form of Florence Nightingale was seen bending over the sufferer and ministering to his wants. And her female assistants and companions nobly shared her toils. How many blessings rose from the lips of the pained and dying soldiers for those benevolent ladies! How many a pillow was smoothed where aching, anguished temples lay! How many a heart

was made better with thankfulness to God for so much mercy!

For wherever the surgeon was mending broken limbs, those pious ladies stood ready with bandages. Where a mouth parched with feverish thirst gasped for moisture, they came on noiseless feet to bring some needful drink. Where a sorrowing patient would send some message to his distant home, they were by his bedside with paper and pen. Where penitence would learn the words of Jesus, they read the comforting lessons of the Scriptures, or brought the minister of religion with prayer and sacrament.

Were not Florence Nightingale and her companions, the Stewarts, and Mackenzies and Erskines, and all the band of holy heroines, as brave and noble as any on the battle-field? It is like our Saviour, to leave a home of bliss, or peace, or joy, or comfort, and seek the haunts of misery, to relieve the sick, to help the poor, to save the dying. And you who read her story, though you have not wealth, or gifts, or place like hers, may, with a soul of love, fill up your life with deeds which Christ shall bless.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.—ELIZA COOK

THERE's a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west?

“War, war to the knife! be enthralled or ye die,”
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.

He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained ;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread :
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored ;
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life,
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh ! his laurels were pure ; and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Reville not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stained field of the west.

RUTH.—MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I KNOW a little maiden,
A household's youngest daughter,
All innocent and lovely
As pearls within the water ;
Her heart is full of kindness,
And her lips are bright with truth ;
A child of noble promise
Is our charming little Ruth.

She hailed me in the morning,
Just one short year ago,
And gave to me a white rose,
Half fragrance and half snow.
She gave to me a white rose,
Without a spot or stain,
With buds of clustering sweetness,
All trembling from the rain.

The rose was just unfolding,
And, as an infant grieves,
The drops hung thick and heavy
Among its velvet leaves.
I kissed away the rain-drops
As we quench an infant's tears!
Then I thought of that fair maiden
With her twelve unclouded years.

And I prayed the God of heaven,
To keep her soul as bright
As that pure half-open rose-bud
With its rain-drops from the night;
I asked not always sunshine,
But just enough of shade
To make the angels watchful,
Who guard that gentle maid.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.—MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN PERSONS.

“Daffy-down-dilly
Is new come to town,
With a petticoat green,
And a bright yellow gown.”

Now don't you call this
A most exquisite thing?
Don't it give you a thrill
With the thought of the spring?
Such as once, in your childhood,
You felt, when you found
The first yellow buttercups
Spangling the ground?

When the lilac was fresh
With its glory of leaves,
And the swallows came fluttering
Under the eaves?
When the blue-bird flashed by
Like a magical thing,
And you looked for a fairy
Astride of his wing?

When the clear running water,
Like tinkling of bells,
Bore along the bare roadside
A song of the dells—
And the mornings were fresh
With unfailing delight,
While the sweet summer hush
Always came with the night?

O daffy-down-dilly,
With robings of gold!
As our hearts every year,
To your coming unfold.
And sweet memories stir
Through the hardening mould.
We feel how earth's blossomings
Surely are given
To keep the soul fresh
For the spring-time of heaven!

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born ;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song ;
But the stranger comes—oh painful proof!—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun ;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow ;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still :
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard trees ;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart :
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still !

ANGEL-CHILDREN.—ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

To whom is the hour of twilight so sweet as to children ?
Too tired to play, and yet unreconciled to the nightly trial
of being put to bed, children, half the world over, have
simultaneously raised their tender voices, and consecrated
this hour to story-listening.

At twilight, not many evenings ago, five sisters were
cozily gathered around the dear paternal hearth. "Sisser,
tell me a tory !" said little Virginia, climbing on my knee,
and circling my waist with her tiny arms until the dimpled
hands met ; then nestling her curly head upon my shoulder,
"Tell me a pretty tory !"

There is no refusing our petted Jenny.

What must the story be about, Jenny ?

"Oh, about fairies and dood children."

Shall I tell you about three little sisters whom I knew—
who are all angels now—and shall I tell you of a heavenly
dream I once had about them ?

"Yes—about angels—angels will do as well as fairies."

Well, then, listen. One Christmas morning, I was sitting in church amongst a number of cherished friends; the church was gayly decorated with evergreens; the Star of Bethlehem shone on the eastern wall; the Sunday-school children had sung an exquisite hymn, written for the occasion; our beloved pastor, in his holiest mood, had spoken words of promise and encouragement—had breathed upon us ‘soft rebukes in blessings ended;’ around him were hopefully happy faces, but amongst the cheerful crowd I missed one dear, familiar countenance. A father sat surrounded by his children, but their mother was absent. She was at home, watching over a little daughter who was very ill. The family lived a short distance from the city, and after service, I drove out to see the sick child. Among my Christmas presents was a basket made of moss, and filled with every description of green-house flowers—camellias, heliotropes, orange-blossoms, jasmines, roses, etc. The handle, too, was woven of flowers, embedded in moss. I thought the refreshing sight of the flowers might do little Clara good, so stopped on the way for this lovely floral gift. At the door of Clara’s home I was greeted by a host of little ones, and first they took me into the parlor, where stood a Christmas tree, so tall that it nearly reached from the floor to the ceiling. The spreading branches were loaded with gifts, and waxen lights were scattered about amongst the smaller boughs. The children delightedly exhibited their abundant Christmas presents, and then led me upstairs to their mother’s room. As they entered there, every one trod softly, and the gay voices were hushed to whispers. On a small couch, at the foot of her mother’s bed, lay little Clara—a patient, gentle child, about seven or eight years old. She was lying so motionless that you might have thought her some beautiful statue; her thin, tiny hands were as white as the sheet on which they were extended; her countenance had an alabaster hue, and her large dark eyes were looking fixedly upward toward the ceiling, as though they could see more than we saw. The

mother sat near the bed, her face blanched with apprehension, and around her eyes were red circles that showed she had been weeping, perhaps the whole of that Christmas night. Little Clara did not notice us when we entered, nor did she answer when I spoke to her; but when I brought the mossy basket to the bed-side, she feebly lifted up her shadowy hand, and laid it on the flower-woven handle, and looked in my face and smiled one angelic smile of thanks.

The next morning the Christmas tree still stood in the parlor, but in the chamber above, lay a little coffin; within, reposed the earthly form of a lovely child, bestrewed with flowers—but the angels had borne away little Clara to her eternal home.

Lizzy was the name of one of Clara's younger sisters. She was called after a most beloved friend of her parents. Lily was the pet name by which she always went. Lily was her father's especial darling—the sunlight of his home and his heart. The moment he entered the house, she flew into his arms; wherever he went she was at his side, her baby hand seldom out of his; if he were sad, she comprehended it in a moment, and would charm away his gloom with her merry prattle, her arch, infantile graces; if he were gay, she was full of wildest sport. When he was out of the house, Lily seemed a different being; all was seldom well with her until he returned; at night she slept in his arms, and in the morning—though the world called him a grave, wise man—they frolicked together like children. If such a thing could be, Lily was almost too dear to her father, and he to her. Not long after Clara was summoned away, little Lily fell sick. Father and mother watched her night and day, with breaking hearts, but her Heavenly Father had called her; he sent his messenger to gather this fair flower also; and as she lay on the bosom of her earthly father, the beauteous blossom was plucked.

The youngest child of all, the baby, the sweetest, brightest little creature, was called Anna. She, too, was named after a dear friend. Before Christmas came again, little

Anna sickened as did her sisters. How her mother clasped her to her yearning breast, and prayed the Lord to spare this one, her baby, her latest born, whose joyous presence had enabled her to bear the parting from her other little ones! The Lord knew best what was good for little Anna; his heavens needed this bright infant also, and he called her to be one of his angels!

I had taken a far-off journey after the Christmas morning when I saw Clara; and the next time I beheld my dear friends, the traces of great suffering, the agonies of that treble grief, were visible in their countenances. The mother's face, in particular, was full of deep and settled sorrow. She talked much of her darlings. She took me to the room where I had last seen little Clara on that Christmas morning, to the nursery where I had played with Lily and Anna, and showed me three white brackets on the walls, supported by cherub heads. One stood in the mother's room, and held the toys of little Clara—those she had loved best, had played with last; the other stood in the father's study, and held the silver cup of little Lily, her toys, and the objects she had last touched; the third stood in the nursery, and held Anna's silver cup and baby remembrances. Each bracket had been decked by the fond mother with a wreath of white flowers. As she took up the toys, one by one, and told me little anecdotes concerning them, the tears rained down her cheeks and choked her utterance. The remaining children looked up daily to these toy-covered brackets, and felt that some portion of the room was still devoted to their departed little sisters. Among these sacred treasures were three daguerreotypes. One represented Clara, lying upon the bed where I last saw her, with flowers scattered over her pillow; it was taken after her spirit had fled. Lily's daguerreotype showed a handsome, arch-looking little girl, with a tiny basket in her hand, and a pair of fine dark eyes fixed on something very earnestly and lovingly—I should say it must have been her father's face. Baby Anna's eyes were closed; she lay amongst flowers, with a

few buds clasped in her round, chubby hands. She seemed in a blessed sleep; but when that picture was taken, little Anna had awakened in "a brighter morn than ours!"

I thought very often of those three little sisters, all summoned away between Christmas and Christmas; and one day I had a dream in which I saw them all—and *this was the dream*:

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I saw a garden so luxuriant with flowers and foliage, that it seemed as though

"The very rainbow showers
Had turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the ground with flowers!"

Branches, covered with bloom, leaned toward each other, and twined themselves together in natural bouquets. From the trees, hung crimson and purple, and amber-colored fruit—pomegranates, figs, plums, and many others, such as I had never seen, and their names I did not know. These bright-hued fruits appeared transparent, and through the clear juice sparkled the polished seeds and stones, like precious gems.

In the centre of the garden rose two trees with widely-spreading branches, covered with snow-white blossoms. Grape-vines clambered up the trunks of each tree, and wound themselves in graceful festoons through the boughs. The soft air wafted the floating tendrils of one vine to the topmost branches of the opposite tree, until they formed a leafy bower. From its arch hung clusters of golden grapes, glistening through wreaths of pearl-like bloom. Within the bower I saw a mossy mound. Violets, anemones, lilies of the valley, and the blue eyes of the "forget-me-not" peeped through the velvet covering, making a richly-variegated and living broidery. The mound appeared in the shape of a seat, half rustic and half regal.

The flowers in this garden exhaled an aroma so penetratingly delicious, that they seemed to be sending up perpetual thanksgiving for their bright existence, while diamond dew-drops glittered like costly gifts on their expanding bosoms. The atmosphere was singularly pure, exhilarating, life-stirring. The sky shone resplendent with the softest, most roseate hues of early morning.

A group of angelic children gambolled through the garden. Some had chaplets on their heads, and some had garlands twined about their bosoms, or girdles of tiny leaves mingled with violets and rose-buds, wound around their waists; and some had woven bracelets of flowers and bound them on their arms, and then fastened the flowery manacle to the arm of an infantile companion; these pairs were always seen together—they seemed *as one*—each as half of the other, and only when united forming a complete whole. The children were sporting with a white lamb—decking his pure throat with leafy chains—embracing and kissing him.

Near the joyous crowd stood an angel, clad in vesture that had the whitely varying hues of an opal; the hem was wrought with stars of gold; the zone was clasped beneath her breast with a single ruby, heart-shaped. A fillet of pearls encircled her head—one large ruby shone in the centre, and emitted such a stream of roseate rays, that they formed a halo above her brow. From beneath the pearly band her hair flowed loosely to her knees, not in ringlets, but in shining waves that looked like a veil of woven amber. The perfect beauty, the mild effulgence of her countenance no language could describe. It was turned toward the children, and I noticed that when she smiled upon them her face grew so radiant that a beam of light seemed to strike on their heads and illumine their hair. She watched them in their sports; they were gathering flowers, and, strange to say, when they plucked the blossoms from the stems, other blossoms instantly appeared in their places—no stem was ever left bare. As the children sprang over the mead the flowers only bowed their heads, and rose up brighter

and fresher, and sent out a more exquisite perfume at their infant touches.

* * * * *

Suddenly the angel paused and said, "Hark!"—then turned her face toward one side of the garden, where I beheld a golden gate. Beside the gate stood an angel of wondrous loveliness—she seemed to be watching. And now she opened the gate; and as it flew back, it gave forth a sound of joy and triumph. Beyond the gate there was a dense mist, and in the distance, through the dark way, appeared a third angel, leading a child—a timid, bewildered little girl. As they passed the gate, the flowers all flashed with new brightness and breathed out a sweeter fragrance, the garden was flooded with a more golden light; the trees seemed to bend their boughs, hung with jewel-like fruit, as though they invited the new guest to pluck them; the bright-plumaged birds sent forth one long note of glad greeting, and the face of the angel-girl in the bower shone like the morning-star.

The angel that led the little child was very beautiful; but in her countenance there was a *serious* sweetness, as though she had gazed on the sorrow of others until it had cast a shadow on her angelic beatitude.

"Her dress seemed wove of lily-leaves,
It was so pure and fine,"—

and all about her there was a strange whiteness. She was the angel of Death. As she drew near, I recognized the little girl—it was Clara! my little friend Clara, whom I had seen lying on her couch, so wan and ill, that Christmas morning! Clara, as she entered the garden, looked around joyfully, and her step grew quicker and lighter. The angel of Death led her to the sister angel sitting in the bower. She folded her arms around Clara, and pressed her to her bosom with a loving welcome, and Clara felt as though she knew her, and her kiss seemed just like the fond kiss of her own

mother. Then Clara turned to the group of happy children, who received her as a companion. They embraced her in turn, and it seemed to her as though she had long known and loved them all. Then the little lamb leaped up against her, and she caressed it and stroked its snowy wool. Soon the children led her away to show her their garden. I could not hear what they said, but the sound of their joyous laughter came to me, and I knew Clara's voice above the others—she never laughed so happily upon the earth. I saw her new companions take her to a lovely lake. Upon its crystal waters grew lilies even larger than the *Victoria Regia*, of which you have heard that upon its leaf a child can stand securely. As the children came to the edge of the lake, the lilies floated toward them and touched the shore. Then some of the little ones put out their tiny, white feet into the lily-cups, all among the quivering yellow stamens, and sat down in the snowy bowls, and the inner leaves seemed to fold around them, to hold them safely, and the outer leaves spread themselves like sails; and so they floated about the lake, clapping their hands with gleeful shouts.

I cannot tell how long a time passed, for in that world there is no time that is counted as with us—but it seemed only a short period, when the angel-girl gathered the children around her again, and said, "Hark! another young child is coming from the earth!" And the angel at the gate threw open the golden portals, and again they gave forth the melodious sound—and in the distance was seen the angel of Death leading a little girl through the dark way, and as they entered the gate, again the flowers flashed with new brightness, and sent forth their sweetest odors, and the light grew more golden, and the rainbow-hued birds flew about with songs of joy, and the trees bent their boughs laden with luscious fruit. The gate closed, and I could see that the little girl bore something in her hand—it was a lily-branch. As she drew near the bower, little Clara suddenly bounded forward and caught her in her arms, crying

out, "It is Lily! my little sister Lily!" Lily clasped her arms tightly about Clara, and no longer looked frightened; and Clara took her to the angel and to her own young companions, and they all welcomed her with delight.

The time was very short when there came again the musical sound of the opening of the golden gate; the flowers, the birds, the air, the trees, all gave their greeting. The angel of Death passed through the dark valley into the heavenly garden, carrying an infant very carefully and tenderly on her bosom. She drew near Clara and laid the infant in her arms. The baby opened her eyes as though from a sweet sleep, and knew Clara, and laughed out right merrily; and she saw Lily, and stretched out her little arms to twine them round her neck, and Clara and Lily rejoiced over the coming of baby Anna. Indeed there was more joy amongst all the children at her arrival, than they had felt before, for she had passed through that golden gate so young, she had fewer earthly stains about her.

"Let us crown her with flowers!" said one. "Let her play with our white lamb!" said another. "Let us take her to sail in the lily-boats!" cried another. "Let us ask our dear guardian to sing to her!" Little Anna was tenderly laid on the lap of the guardian-angel, and the hearts of the three sisters overflowed with perfect joy.

That angel was once on this earth, a heavenly-minded girl. She had loved young children very dearly, and when she died, her occupation in heaven was to instruct and watch over the children and infants who came from earth to that paradisiacal garden. If the mother who mourned so deeply over her three lost treasures, could but have seen them there, would she not have exclaimed:

"—— Content,
Our love was well divided;
Its sweetness following where they went,
Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give them all the sweetness;
To us the empty room and cot—
To them the heaven's completeness.

"To us these graves—to them the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To us the silence in the house,
To them the choral singing!"

"And now, does Jenny like the story?" I asked.

Jenny looked up with thoughtful eyes. "But do you believe that little Clara and Lily and Anna went to a garden like that, when they died, and were taught by an angel, and were so very happy?"

"I do believe so!"

THE OPEN WINDOW.—LONGFELLOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

AUTUMN FLOWERS.—MRS. SOUTHEY.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers!
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—they are the *last*—
The last!—the last!—the last!
Oh, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred!
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
 (That time the fastest spends),
Last tears, in silence shed,
Last words, half-uttered,
 Last looks of dying friends!

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day;
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments!
 Pale flowers! ye're types of those—
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
 Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers! Pale perishing flowers!
 I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
 Tell me of change and death!

HAGAR.—ANNE C. LYNCH.

UNTRODDEN, drear, and lone,
 Stretched many a league away,
Beneath a burning, noonday sun,
 The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat
 Upon that herbless plain,
The dazzling sands, with fiercer heat,
 Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed
No wandering breath of air,
No palm-trees cast their cooling shade,
No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,
Spurned from her master's side,
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,
Her woe and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,
The boy upon her hung,
Who from his father's tent that morn
Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,
Glazed was his flashing eye;
And in that fearful, desert waste,
She laid him down to die.

But when, in wild despair,
She left him to his lot,
A voice that filled that breathless air,
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed
A cooling, crystal stream,
And angels left their high abode
And ministered to them.

Oft when drear wastes surround
My faltering footsteps here,
I've thought I, too, heard that blest sound
Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path
On through the evil land,
Have the twin angels, Hope and Faith,
Walked with me, hand to hand.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead ;
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset.

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Has often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay;"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;

I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn ;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise,
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes ;

He spake ; and my poor name He named ;
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed :
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

SHINGEBISS.—AN INDIAN STORY.—SCHOOLCRAFT.

THERE was once a Shingebiss,* living alone in a solitary lodge on the shores of the deep bay of a lake, in the coldest winter weather. The ice had formed on the water, and he had but four logs of wood to keep his fire. Each of these would, however, burn a month ; and, as there were but four cold winter months, they were sufficient to carry him through till spring.

Shingebiss was hardy and fearless, and cared for no one. He would go out during the coldest day and seek for places where flags and rushes grew through the ice, and plucking them up with his bill, would dive through the openings in quest of fish. In this way he found plenty of food, while others were starving ; and he went home daily to his lodge, dragging strings of fish after him on the ice.

Kabebonnic† observed him, and felt a little piqued at his perseverance and good luck in defiance of the severest blasts of wind he could send from the north-west. " Why ! this is a wonderful man," said he ; " he does not mind the cold, and appears as happy and contented as if it were the month of June. I will try whether he cannot be mastered." He poured forth ten-fold colder blasts and drifts of snow, so that it was next to impossible to live in the open air. Still the fire of Shingebiss did not go out ; he wore but a

* The name of a kind of duck.

† A personification of the north-west.

single strip of leather around his body, and he was seen in the worst weather searching the shores for rushes and carrying home fish.

I shall go and visit him," said Kabebonicca one day, as he saw Shingebiss dragging along a quantity of fish ; and accordingly that very night he went to the door of his lodge. Meantime Shingebiss had cooked his fish and finished his meal, and was lying, partly on his side, before the fire, singing his songs. After Kabebonicca had come to the door and stood listening there, he sang as follows :

Windy god, I know your plan,
You are but my fellow-man ;
Blow you may your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze ;
Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man.
Heigh ! for life—and ho ! for bliss ;
Who so free as Shingebiss ?

The hunter knew that Kabebonicca was at his door, for he felt his cold and strong breath ; but he kept on singing his songs, and affected utter indifference. At length Kabebonicca entered, and took his seat on the opposite side of the lodge ; but Shingebiss did not regard or notice him. He got up as if nobody were present, and, taking his poker, pushed the log, which made his fire burn brighter, repeating as he sat down again :

You are but my fellow man.

Very soon the tears began to flow down Kabebonicca's cheeks, which increased so fast that presently he said to himself, "I cannot stand this—I must go out." He did so, and left Shingebiss to his songs ; but resolved to freeze up all the flag orifices and make the ice thick, so that he could not get any more fish. Still Shingebiss, by dint of great diligence, found means to pull up new roots and dive under

for fish. At last Kabebonicca was compelled to give up the contest. "He must be aided by some Monedo," said he; "I can neither freeze him, nor starve him; he is a very singular being. I will let him alone."

ALFRED THE HARPER.—JOHN STEELING.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The dames around their watchfires met,
Caroused, and fiercely fed.
They feasted all on English food,
And quaffed the English ale,
Their hearts leapt up with burning blood,
At each old Norseman tale.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's beeves,
And laughed at England's fall.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

A mace beside each king and lord
Was seen, with blood bestained;
From golden cups upon the board
Their kindling wine they drained.
Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
Sea-kings so hot for gore;
Mid Selwood's oaks so dreadful host
Ne'er burnt a track before.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam—
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They ranged the kingdom through;
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair
They dragged from many a father's corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gathered round the feast;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh! never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
Before the strong sea-kings;
"Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay,
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen, cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook,
Of many a Danish lord.
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

Lord Guthrum spake.—“Nay, gaze not thus,
Thou harper weak and poor!
By Thor! who bandy looks with us,
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
High praise each dauntless earl;
The brave who stun this English coast
With war's unceasing whirl.”

The harper sat upon a block,
Heaped up with wealthy spoil,
The wool of England's helpless flock,
Whose blood had stained the soil.
He sat and slowly bent his head,
And touched aloud the string;
Then raised his face and boldly said,
“Hear thou my lay, O king!

“High praise from all whose gift is song
To him in slaughter tried,
Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
As if to meet his bride.
High praise from every mouth of man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne'er go back alive.

“But chief his fame be quick as fire,
Be wide as is the sea,
Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
To keep his country free.
To such, great earls, and mighty king!
Shall praise in heaven belong;
The starry harps their praise shall ring,
And chime to mortal song.

“Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,
At famous Regnar's name !
Who sank his host in bloody rout,
When he to Humber came.
His men were chased, his sons were slain,
And he was left alone.
They bound him in an iron chain
Upon a dungeon stone.

“With iron links they bound him fast ;
With snakes they filled the hole,
That made his flesh their long repast,
And bit into his soul.
The brood with many a poisonous fang
The warrior's heart beset ;
While still he cursed his foes, and sang
His fierce but hopeless threat.

“Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes ?
Why champ your teeth in pain ?
Still lives the song though Regnar dies !
Fill high your cups again.
Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen lords !
Who fought and swayed so long,
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
And owe your names to song.

“This land has graves by thousands more
Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows ? Not chief, nor bard ;
And yet to me 'tis given,
To see your foreheads deeply scarred
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when, or how,
But, earls and kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful hall.

"Like God's own voice, in after-years
Resounds the warrior's fame,
Whose deed his hopeless country cheers,
Who is its noblest name.
Drain down, O chiefs! the gladdening bowl!
The present hour is yours;
Let death to-morrow take the soul,
If joy to-day endures."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,
And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.
And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more
We hear thy boding lay;
Make drunk the song with spoil and gore;
Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song—
"To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
Earth cries, my thirst is sore.
More blithely twang the strings of bows
Than strings of harps in glee;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
Or rosy lips to me.

"Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshalled powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair ;
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
I would that I were there !

"'Tis sweet to live in honored might,
With true and fearless hand ;
'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
Nor shrink before the brand.
But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
Unmoved to meet their frown,
And count with cheerful thought the woes
That soon shall dash them down."

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng ;
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the throng ;
A golden cup king Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played ;
And said, " I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own ;
Thy song befits the brave ;
The king who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, " I drink the wine
To him who owns by justice right
The cup thou bidd'st be mine.

"To him your lord, oh shout ye all !
His meed be deathless praise !
The king who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days.
The king who dares not guard his throne,
May curses heap his head ;
But hope and strength, be all his own
Whose blood is bravely shed."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
" With sweetness fills mine ear ;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land !"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the king—
" Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again,
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
Till I demand it then."

The harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown ;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.
The Danes ne'er saw that harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp king Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.—N. P. WILLIS.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half-smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
“Father! dear father! God has made a star!”

CORNFIELDS.—MARY HOWITT.

IN the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst,
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But, then, as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflower tall
O'ertop the mossy garden-wall:—

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down:
Oh, then, what joy to walk at will,
Upon that golden harvest-hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day; I see the field;
The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And, at this very hour, I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,

Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners, stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite ;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen hundred years ago,
Were full of corn, I see ;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

A FEW STRAY SUNBEAMS.—ELIZA L. SPROAT.

LITTLE dainty sunbeams !
Listen when you please,
You'll not hear their tiny feet
Dancing in the trees :
All so light and delicate
Is their golden tread,
Not a single flower-leaf
Such a step may dread.

Merry, laughing sunbeams
Playing here and there,
Passing through the rose-leaves,
Flashing everywhere ;
Through the cottage window,
In the cottage door,
Past the green, entangled vines,
On the cottage floor.

Lovely little sunbeams,
Laughing as they played
Through the flying ringlets
Of the cottage maid ;
Staying but to flush her cheek,
Darting in their glee
Down the darkened forest-path,
O'er the open lea,
Through the castle window
Where, in curtained gloom,
Sat its lovely mistress
In her splendid bloom.

Oh ye saucy sunbeams !
Could ye dare to spy
Time's annoying footmarks
Near a lady's eye ?
Dare ye flash around her,
Every line to see,
Lighting each stray wrinkle up,
In your cruel glee ?

See! the witching sunbeams
With the wand they hold,
Turn the earth to emerald,
And the skies to gold ;

All the streams are silver
'Neath their magic rare,
All the black tears Night hath shed,
Gems for kings to wear.

Beautiful is moonlight,
Like to Nature's mind,
Purely white and brilliant,
Coldly, calmly kind :
Beautiful thy burning stars,
Like to Nature's soul,
Rapturous that ever gaze,
Heavenward as they roll.
But oh ! the human sunlight,
Flooding earth in glee,
Nature's living, laughing, loving,
Gladsome *heart* for me.

THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.—MOTHERWELL.

THEY come ! the merry summer months
Of beauty, song, and flowers ;
They come ! the gladsome months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up my heart ! and walk abroad,
Fling cark and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide ;
Or, underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand,
And, like the kiss of holy love,
The breeze is sweet and bland ;
The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee :
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
They now are silver gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning,
And whispering, "Be gay !"

There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky
But hath its own wing'd mariners
To give it melody :
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread
All gleaming like red gold,
And hark ! with shrill pipe musical,
Their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones,
Who far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
And vent a nobler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound,
From yonder wood it came ;
The spirit of the dim, green glade
Did breathe his own glad name ;—
Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird,
That apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous
To the soft western wind ;
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! he sings again—
His notes are void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart !

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer-flowers
Beneath this summer tree !
To suck once more in every breath
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt
The reckless truant boy
Wander'd through green woods all day long,
A mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, I have had cause ;
But oh ! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
I yet delight to drink ;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, streams,
The calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams,
As in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—
A heart that has waxed old.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.—JAMES T. FIELDS.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast !"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness
Each one busy in his prayers—
“We are lost!” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
“Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERERS.—ANONYMOUS.

ONE cold day in the month of December, 1829, two poor children, thin and pale, half-clad in rags, issued from a cottage situated on the verge of the forest of Sancy. The ground was covered with snow; the trees were all stripped of their leaves; the wind blew with fury. It was only seven in the morning, scarcely daybreak.

Nicholas and Frank, the two poor little wood-gatherers, walked rapidly toward the centre of the forest. Their feet were ill protected by the old shoes they wore. Coarse linen trowsers, a blouse, and a bonnet of rabbit-skin, completed their attire.

When they had walked a considerable distance, they

stopped at a place where several roads met. "Stop, Frank," said Nicholas; "take this rope, and bind up in it as much dead wood as you can gather together."—"Yes, brother."—"When you have gathered enough, you can meet me at the entrance to the forest."

The two brothers then separated, and took different roads. They had soon gathered sticks enough to make a heavy load apiece. Bending under their several burdens, they shortly after met at the place appointed.

"Come on, Nicholas," said Frank; "let us make haste, for while we loiter here, mother is suffering from the cold."

"Oh, yes; the wind blows from all sides of the hut, and the snow falls on the straw where we slept last night."

"Ah! little robbers! I have caught you again!" suddenly shouted a rough voice close at hand.

The two boys, frightened, let their loads fall from off their backs, and threw themselves at the feet of a man who now presented himself. He was a stiff, gruff looking fellow, of repulsive voice and manner, and he fixed his eyes on the two trembling boys with a fierce expression. He was dressed as a game-keeper, and carried a gun under his arm.

"Little good-for-naughts!" said he; "isn't this the second time I have caught you?"

"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Sylvester," cried the two boys, weeping.

"Ah! do you suppose you are to be allowed to rob the marquis of his wood in this way? But we shall see—we shall see!"

"But it is dead wood, and when it isn't gathered it only rots upon the ground, and is of no use to anybody."

"Come, come, Mr. Logician, take up your plunder and follow me."

"Follow you? And—where?"

"To prison, little miscreants!"

"To prison? oh, good sir, in pity spare us!"

"No! I tell you."

"But our mother may die of cold, she has only us in the

world to help her; and if you put us in prison, what will she do?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Oh, you have neither heart nor soul in you," said one of the boys, almost desperate; "well may they call you *Sylvester the Wolf*."

"Good! good! I perform my duty, and don't bother myself about any thing else."

"Listen, Mr. Sylvester," said Nicholas; "I am bigger and stronger than my brother, and I gathered more of the dead wood than he did; I am, therefore, more guilty: well, punish me as you will; punish me for both of us, but send my brother back to the cottage."

"Nay, listen to me, good sir," cried Frank; "it is I whom you must put in prison. Nicholas is stronger than me, and his labor is more useful to our mother."

"Come, no more talking," said Sylvester; "you needn't be jealous—you must both go."

"My poor mother," said Frank, sobbing.

The two boys took up their burdens, and followed the heartless game-keeper. As they passed before the chateau of the marquis, Nicholas said to Sylvester: "Before going to prison, I wish to see the marquis himself."

"In good time," said Sylvester; "here he comes."

In fact, the Marquis de Sancy was advancing to meet them. He was a man of about sixty, of good figure, a noble-looking gentleman. His white hairs fell about his cheeks, and his blue eyes, full of sweetness and kindly expression, inspired confidence in those who looked him in the face.

"Well, Sylvester," said the marquis; "What are you going to do with these children?"

"My lord, they are little robbers, whom I have caught for the second time, stealing wood."

The two brothers stood crying bitterly.

"You know this wood does not belong to you," said the marquis.

"Yes sir," said Frank.

"Then you are very blamable, indeed; for, when you had been already forbidden to take it, you ought not to have done so."

"We must then have lain down and died of cold," said Nicholas, sadly.

"How, child! What do you say?" asked the marquis, with seeming interest.

"Yes sir, I shall tell you the truth, and you can judge whether we deserve to be punished or not. Our father was a woodman; kept down by hard work and poverty, he could scarcely provide food for his family. One day they brought him home dying. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree which he had felled. After many months of cruel suffering, he died; and we were left alone—my brother and I, with our dear mother, who is old and infirm. A poor hut built on the sod, covered with bark, a little potato-field—such is all that we possess. In summer, Frank and I split wood in the forest, or we help the peasants with their work; we can thus earn a little money, which helps our mother to live. But in winter, sir, ah! *then* we are very miserable indeed. The snow covers the ground; the wind shakes our mean little dwelling; the rain penetrates it everywhere, and freezes on our very clothes. We who are young can bear all that; but our mother, sir! our poor mother—oh! when we see her pale, cold, almost perished, trying in vain to keep warm her frozen limbs, our heart is torn, and tears run from our eyes. Then we sally forth to hide our grief: the forest is before us; the earth is strewn with branches which the wind has blown down: a few of these useless remnants would warm our mother. Are we to leave her to die, when we can so easily save her? There, marquis, is the whole truth, and now say if we are guilty."

"Yes, my little fellows," replied the marquis; "inasmuch as you have taken what did not belong to you. But you are good and dutiful children, and it would be a very cruel act, indeed, to punish you. Go; I forgive you. When you

are cold, go into the forest, and gather what sticks you want: I permit you. You hear, Sylvester?" addressing the game-keeper.

"Yes, sir," replied he, touching his cap.

"And now, since these children must be tired with the long walk you have given them, take a cart and carry the wood to the cabin of their mother."

"Oh! thanks, thanks! good, kind sir! May Heaven protect you for your pity to the unfortunate!" cried the two children, taking leave of their benefactor, with tears in their eyes. . . .

The winter of 1829-30 was terrible. The cold reached to an extraordinary degree, and was exceedingly long-continued. The most rapid rivers were covered with ice; and carriages, no matter what their weight, could pass over them as on a highway. Horses and beasts were frozen to death in their stalls; men fell lifeless on the hard earth; wild beasts issued from their lairs, and came into the villages, into the stables, and even into the houses themselves, to allay the hunger and thirst which tortured them. In short, misery and distress had reached their height.

Thanks to the kindness of the Marquis de Sancy, his *protégés* of the forest were enabled to support the rigors of the season. A little house, solidly constructed of stone, replaced the little cabin in which they had before dwelt. The marquis gave them some few articles of furniture, added a bit to their field, and thus gave them comparative ease and comfort, in place of misery and despair.

Winter continued; but the little wood-gatherers bore it without complaint. Their mother, seated beside a good fire, could turn her wheel, and spin for the good marquis: in the day-time the boys worked at making a hedge, where-with to inclose their little field; and in the evening, they worked willow baskets, and made cages, which they went to sell on the day following, in the neighboring town. Sometimes they returned home late, and they often trembled with fear at hearing the howling of wolves in the forest.

One night, when they were on their way home from the town, where they had been selling their little wares, as they passed along one of the by-paths of the forest, a cry of distress reached their ear.

"It is the voice of the marquis!" exclaimed Frank.

"Let us run this way," cried Nicholas.

They hastened toward the place from whence they had thought proceeded the voice of their benefactor. They carried in their hands a little sharp hatchet, with which they were wont to cut wood. They always carried it with them on those nights when they were likely to be late in reaching home.

In a few minutes, they reached a man struggling with a wolf of enormous size. It was indeed their friend the marquis. The wolf had thrown itself upon him, torn him with its horrid teeth, and, after a terrible struggle with his adversary, the marquis was on the point of falling his victim. Nicholas rushed at the ferocious brute, and fetching a blow with his axe, cut off one of his paws. The wolf, furious at his new enemy, turned upon him to avenge his wound. He leapt upon Nicholas. Frank threw himself on the wolf's back, and bound its arms tightly about its neck, to strangle it. The wolf fell to the ground, Nicholas under him; his hatchet fell from his hands; but the marquis, snatching it up, watched his opportunity of striking the beast without wounding the children, and by a well-aimed blow, cleft the wolf's head.

"Ah! my children," exclaimed the marquis, on recognizing his young defenders; "it is to you, then, that I owe my life!"

"Sir, you have had pity on our misfortunes; you have saved our poor mother's life; we owe every thing to you."

"You see, Sylvester," observed the marquis to the game-keeper, who ran up at this moment; "you see how those two noble youths have borne themselves in saving my life. Instead of being harsh and cruel toward the unfortunate, be kind, generous, charitable; and bethink yourself always,

that even though you may not do a kindness out of love of virtue, it is well to do it even out of selfish motives; for we may be indebted for our life and safety to those who are weaker and smaller than ourselves. Even the marquis, you see, may come in the little peasants' way, and owe his life to them, as I do now."

DAVID AND GOLIAH.—H. MONK.

Goliath. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle killed, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?

Come, advance!

Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight!

David. Behold thy foe!

Gol. I see him not.

Dav. Behold him here!

Gol. Say, where?

Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I stand prepared; thy single arm to mine.

Gol. Why, this is mockery, minion! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:
But tell me who, of all this numerous host,
Expects his death from me? Which is the man
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

Dav. The election of my sovereign falls on me.

Gol. On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 'tis too much!
Thou curled minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.

Dav. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve?
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with his name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.

Gol. Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my gods!
The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-fingered hero?

Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect-warrior! since thou dar'st me thus!
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

Dav. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on, then! Mark us well.
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defi'st!
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except

These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
 With such a simple sling as shepherds use ;
 Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
 The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
 To my victorious arm. This day, I mean
 To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
 There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
 Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
 To glut the carrion-kites. Nor thee alone ;
 The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
 Shall spread the plains of Elah ; till Philistia,
 Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
 Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed !
 I dare thee to the trial !

Gol. Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

Dav. I trust in Heaven !

The God of battles stimulates my arm,
 And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.—TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
 Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low ;
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year, you must not die.
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still ; he doth not move ;
 He will not see the dawn of day :—

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.

Old year, you must not go :
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,—
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;

A jollier year we shall not see ;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die.
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest ;

But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride posthaste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friends,
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friends,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow

I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flitter to and fro ;
The cricket chirps—the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die !
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you ?—
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin ;—
Alack ! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
Step from the corpse ; and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friends,
And a new face at the door, my friends,
The new year's at the door.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—J. SWETT.

THE summer takes a sad farewell,
And glides with noiseless step away ;
Brown autumn comes o'er hill and dell,
To hold o'er earth her sober sway.

On dying leaves, with magic hand,
Frost-spirits rainbow-colors trace ;
The forest seems enchanted land,
The fairies' chosen dwelling-place.

The Beautiful claims earth's domains,
And unseen artists every hour
Are sketching on the hills and plains
The softest tints, with matchless power.

The Indian summer's glimmering haze
Rests on the changing earth awhile,
And over field and forest plays
The summer's last sad parting smile.

The winds lie hushed in dreamy sleep,
And Nature sinks in calm repose,
A prelude to her slumbers deep,
Beneath the wintry shroud of snows.

The roving Indian, Nature's child,
Felt the sweet influence in his breast,
And fancied that the season mild
Came from SOWANO's realms of rest.

The Orient basks in brighter skies,
Italia boasts a softer clime,
But no land has the gorgeous dyes
Of our mild Indian summer time.

These autumn views are all our own,
Painted by Nature's truthful hand,
Hung on our northern hills alone
To beautify our father-land.

THE WYOMING VOLUNTEER.—FRANK LEE BENDICT.

SAN ANGEL in the valley—
We halted there to rest—
A gallant band of horsemen
As ever rode abreast.
The cannon's voice was booming,
The colors danced in pride,
A troop of conquering freemen,
We entered side by side.
The Keystone of the middle states
Had sent us forth with cheers,
And bade us on to victory—
Wyoming's volunteers!

Though the sun was past its setting,
The western sky was red,
As each weary soldier halted
And sought his leafy bed.

I flung me 'neath the orange boughs,
A comrade by my side—
The bravest of that little band,
A loyal heart and tried.
There we lay and talked together,
While the moon went up the sky,
And his voice grew sad and mournful,
As the wind that whispered by.
His breath was on my forehead,
His hand was clasped in mine,
And a spell was on his spirit,
A warning and a sign.

There we lay and talked together,
While the shadows round us slept,
And o'er his soul that warning
In solemn darkness crept.
We spoke of all we loved so well
Within that valley home—
Of our mothers on their hearthstones
Whose sons went forth to roam.
Then he paused in sudden silence,
But I felt his pulses beat,
Like the quivering of the moonbeams
That played about our feet.
Though I guessed his hidden feeling,
I could not speak a word,
While the swaying of the cypress boughs
Like human sighs was heard.
But he checked his strong emotion,
And strove again to speak,
While his breath came quick and broken,
Like the crimson on his cheek.
"The harvest moon is high in heaven"—
I started at the sound—
The voice was strange and solemn,
In that stillness so profound !

"You will watch its brightness often
As we have done before,
But the eyes that saw it with you
Will open then no more."

Then I chid him for these fancies,
But I felt the tear-drops start,
As his words swept low and dirge-like,
O'er the anguish of my heart.
"We were friends in early boyhood—
By the memories of that time,
By the hopes like summer roses
Most lovely ere their prime—
I charge thee listen to me,
And do my bidding well,
For the cannon's boom to-morrow,
Will sound my funeral knell.
My heart has kept its secret,
Like incense on a shrine,
And I hoarded up its fragrance,
Like drops of sunny wine."

Then his voice grew low and troubled,
But I caught each broken sound,
While pale leaves from the orange-flowers,
Fell ghost-like to the ground.

"You have seen fair Jessie Alden,
And you know what I would say—
How my hopes in life were bounded
By that valley far away !
How I loved her in my boyhood,
But my heart was very proud,
And the dreams I burned to utter,
I would not breathe aloud.

Ah, I know not if she loved me,
But I oft have seen her cheek
Flush across with sudden richness,
At the words that I would speak.
Then her voice would sink and falter,
And her soft eyes seek my own,
But I never breathed the secret,
Kept by Heaven and me alone."

More he spoke of fame and power,
All that fate had still denied,
While the moonbeams played around us
As we lay there side by side.
Told me how he thought to woo her,
If the laurel crown was won,
And that valley home should greet him
When the battle's strife was done.
But he added that a warning
Like a phantom hand was pressed,
O'er the hot and fevered pulses
That quivered in his breast ;
And he knew the morrow's dawning
Was the last that he might see—
Then I heard a solemn whisper
Steal o'er the cypress tree !

The morning's gray was breaking
When each mounted on his steed,
And amid the cannon's booming,
Rode forth with daring speed.
Like a wind the band swept onward,
Up Cherubusco's height,
And he galloped closely by me,
In the fiercest of the fight.
Our troop was rushing forward—
A storm of lead swept by—

And the bravest reeled and tottered
Amid the battle cry !
Then I turned in sudden horror—
My heart had caught a moan—
And I saw with fear and anguish,
That I galloped on alone.

He lay upon the trampled ground,
I knelt beside him there,
While a crimson stream gushed slowly,
'Neath the parting of his hair.
Then his head sank on my bosom—
I sobbed his Christian name—
He smiled, for still he knew me,
And strove to do the same.
"Oh remember," thus he whispered
"All I told you yesternight—
Say I fell a gallant soldier
In the middle of the fight !
Take my sword unto my father,
Bid him shed no mourning tear,
Say I fell as best became me—
Dear Wyoming's volunteer !
Tell my sister not to murmur,
Calm my mother's sobbing prayer—
When the angels lead her homeward,
I will strive to meet her there."

Then he touched his auburn tresses
Where the blood streamed warm and red—
"Take this one for Jessie Alden,
'Tis a token from the dead."
Then her name he ceased to murmur,
Still he lay upon my breast,
And the cannon's distant booming,
Could not break his solemn rest.

Cold and pale he settled downward,
Yet I shed no idle tear,
And we left him in his glory—
Old Wyoming's volunteer !

THE PINE TREE SHILLINGS.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business ; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine-boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells ; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers ; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money, if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-



pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes—you may take her," said he, in his rough way; and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“And now,” said honest John Hull to the servants, “bring that box hither.”

The box, to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master’s honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull’s command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

“There, son Sewell!” cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather’s chair. “Take these shillings for my daughter’s portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that’s worth her weight in silver!”

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATER.—MRS. HEMANS.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose, and said
To the wild sea—Be still!

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

Oh! thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send thy meek spirit forth in power
Soft on our souls to brood.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Oh! speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, *Peace, be still!*

. A NAME IN THE SAND.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand :
A pearly shell was in my hand ;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast ;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.

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And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me ;
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought ;
Of all this thinking soul has thought ;
And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory or for shame.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.—CHARLES SWAIN.

Away to the Alps !
For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois
In his rock-vaulted lair.
From valley to mountain
See !—swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—
The shaft from the bow.
Nor chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay ;
Undaunted, they leap
Like young leopards at play ;
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of a friend
To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music
Of hound or of horn,
The neigh of the courser,
The gladness of morn.
The blasts of the tempest
Their dark sinews brace ;
And the wilder the danger,
The sweeter the chase.
With spirits as strong
As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
In the joy of their might :
Till eve gathers round them,
And silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—
The wild hunters sleep.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.—GEORGE DARLEY.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly ;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep,
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh ;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

MORNING THOUGHTS.—MARY HOWITT.

THE summer sun is shining
Upon a world so bright !
The dew upon each grassy blade ;
The golden light, the depth of shade,
All seem as they were only made
To minister delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,
And all their veined leaves ;
From little birds that madly sing ;
From insects fluttering on the wing ;
Ay, from the very meanest thing,
My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices
When thus the birds I hear ;—
Of that celestial City, bright
With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite—
When, with its blazing pomp of light,
The morning doth appear !

I think of that great River
That from the Throne flows free ;
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,
Who, thirsting, have come up to drink ;
Of that unfailing Stream, I think,
When earthly streams I see !

I think of pain and dying,
As that which is but naught,
When glorious morning, warm and bright,
With all its voices of delight,
From the chill darkness of the night,
Like a new life is brought.

I think of human sorrow
But as of clouds that brood
Upon the bosom of the day,
And the next moment pass away ;
And, with a trusting heart, I say,
Thank God, *all things are good !*

SUNDAY MORNING.—MRS. HUGHS.

SUSAN and Anna Belville were sisters, though a considerable disparity existed between them, both in age, disposition, and personal appearance ; for Susan had completed her sixteenth year, and possessed a mind of as much harmony and beauty as was exhibited in the symmetry of her features, and the gracefulness of her finely proportioned form. Anna, on the other hand, was just completing her eighth year, an age, perhaps, at which a girl appears to less advantage than at any other period of childhood, for both body and mind are in a sort of intermediate state between the bewitching and playful artlessness of infancy, and the graceful polish and intelligence of a more mature age. Not that we mean to say Anna was not pretty, for she was pretty, and very pretty indeed, when in good humor ; and any one who saw her at that time, would wonder how her face could ever express the angry and turbulent passions that her features sometimes exhibited. She was often told that she was very like her grandmamma, the tender and affectionate relative that had supplied the place of both father and mother, to her sister and herself, from the time that they had the misfortune to lose their parents ; and she was very well pleased to be thought like her ; for she saw that even at her advanced life, her grandmamma had a face that the mind delighted to rest upon. Even her young eye could not but notice the beautiful oval face, the regularly proportioned features, and the calm benignity of her amiable countenance ; but she did

not always remember, that the sweet expression of her grandmamma's countenance, arose from her having learned to keep her

“Tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed;”

and that to be beautiful, as she was beautiful, was not merely to have features similarly formed, but to have a mind equally harmonious, and at peace both with itself and those around it. As they resided in the country, they were too far from any city school to admit of Anna's going to it daily, and she was too much the darling of her grandmamma to be sent to a boarding-school. Mrs. Belville (for the grandmamma was their paternal grandmother, and consequently of the same name) had therefore made an effort to obviate this difficulty, by prevailing upon two or three of the neighboring families to join together, and offer such a salary, to a well qualified teacher, as would induce him to come and take charge of a school, composed of their united children, for which a convenient room, in a nearly central situation, was provided. In this school, though consisting of only about a dozen girls, there was one that had the power of transforming, at any moment, the dove-like serenity of Anna's face into an expression of almost fiendish malignity and violence. This girl, whose name was Jane Campbell, was far from being a bad girl—that is, she never said or did any thing, simply with the wish to offend or give pain; but she was hasty and abrupt, and always said the first thing that came into her mind, without stopping to qualify, however rude or offensive the thing might be. All the petty disputes and quarrels, and those were innumerable, which had taken place between these two school-mates were brought to a climax, by Anna's one day overhearing Jane say, in reply to one of the girls, who had used Anna Belville's authority for something that she had asserted, “Anna Bel-

ville tells stories, then." Now, with all her faults of passion or vanity, or of whatsoever they might be, Anna prided herself upon her truth. She disdained a falsehood herself, and despised any one that would be so mean as to tell one; and the words, "Anna Belville tells stories," grated on her ear, and soured her mind for many weeks afterward. All the little civilities which are so commonly exchanged between children at school, from that moment ceased between them, open war was declared, at least on the side of Anna, and maintained, as well as any thing could be remembered and kept up, by one, as wild, as thoughtless, and as open-hearted as Jane Campbell. It often happened, however, that all recollection of any want of cordiality existing between them was erased from the mind of the volatile, and really good-hearted Jane.

"Oh! Anna Belville," said she, one day, "will you lend me one of your slates? one of mine is filled with my letter, and I do not know what is become of my other, and I want one for dictation."

"No," replied Anna, her face reddening, and all her naturally beautiful features becoming distorted with passion, "you should not have a slate of mine if I had a hundred."

"Well, dear me, you need not speak in that way. But you are the most ill-tempered girl I ever knew," said Jane; but after having said so, even though she was kept in, and had six pages to write after school, for not being ready prepared with a slate and pencil for her dictation, she never had an angry thought toward Anna again.

"I suppose to-morrow she will have some other favor to ask," said Anna to herself, as she sat down to dictation, with the consciousness that she had a slate, besides that which she was using, that she had no use for; "but she shall just be served the same way again."

The next day, however, Jane was not at school, and the day after that it was announced in the school that Jane was very sick; many of the girls expressed great concern on the occasion, but Anna was not of the number; she was not

glad that she was sick, but she was glad that Jane was not at school, for she never liked to see her. This was Saturday; and as the school was dismissed on this day sooner than usual, Anna hastened home, delighted to think that she would have plenty of time to weed her little garden, and to attend to all her flowers. This occupied her till dinner time, and after dinner she was again busy among her flowers, picking off the dead leaves, and arranging them, according to the color of their flowers, and other marks of distinction connected with them, when one of her schoolmates came up to her, and, with an anxious face, said, "Anna, Jane Campbell is very sick, indeed, and she has sent me to say she wishes to smell one of your tea-roses above every thing, and she would be very much obliged to you if you would send her one. She saw them as she went home the last day she was at school, and she has thought of them ever since. Will you give her one of them?"

"No, indeed," returned Anna, "I would not pull one of those tea-roses for any thing. I would not pull them for any being, except for grandmamma or sister, so she cannot expect I would pull one for her." And so saying, she went into the house, for she was anxious to avoid any further solicitation on a subject on which her mind was made up. All the rest of the afternoon and the evening, however, Anna was uncomfortable. She went, time after time, to look at her beautiful tea-roses, but they seemed to her to have lost their fine hue, they appeared almost to be faded. What could have worked the change? Were they beginning to fade already? They were not worth taking so much trouble about in winter, if they lost their beauty the very moment they opened. She would not trouble herself with taking care of the tree any more. The next morning was Sunday morning; and Anna, as soon as she opened her eyes, exclaimed, "What a disagreeable morning!"

"Disagreeable!" exclaimed her sister, "why, my dear Anna, where are your eyes? The sky is clear, and every thing seems determined to be happy." But Anna did not

think so, and she lounged about the house as not knowing what to do with herself. At length her grandmamma's old Dutch clock which hung in the large hall, in which they were in the habit of sitting when the weather was warm, struck eleven, the usual time for the Sunday's reading, and other exercises; for as they were too far from any church to be able to attend public worship, their grandmamma had always made a point of having a portion of every Sunday appropriated to the reading of the Scriptures. We may now fancy them seated, Susan with the book in her hand, reading with a clear enunciation, and a melodious voice, the beautiful Sermon on the Mount, while Anna is standing by the side of her grandmamma, who has thrown her hand over the little girl's shoulder, and is holding her hand clasped in her own, by way of keeping her quiet; while she herself is listening, with the most devout attention, to the words of our blessed Saviour, and feeling as much interest in the sublime subject, as if she now heard it for the first time. After the period of restriction was over, and Anna was again at liberty to wander about at pleasure, she was observed, instead of going into the garden to her flowers, or to wander into the woods in search of wild ones, to sit down in a thoughtful and silent fit, which lasted for more than half an hour—a long time for her to remain quiet. At last she started up, and going into the garden, she pulled off two of the finest roses that were on her favorite tree. The act, and the earnestness of her manner, attracted the attention of her sister, who happened to come into the garden at the moment, and looking at her with surprise, "Why, Anna," she exclaimed, "what are you going to do with your beautiful roses?"

Anna made no answer; but concealing the flowers beneath her apron, left the garden. But who can guess whither she went? She hastened to the home of Jane Campbell, and asking permission to see her, was immediately shown into her chamber.

"Jane," said she, "you asked for one of my roses, and I

refused it; but I now bring you two, and hope you will forgive me for having been so ill-natured."

"Dear Anna," cried Jane, raising her languid head from the pillow on which it rested, "is it possible you are so kind?"

"It is not kindness," returned Anna, "it is only what I ought to do. Sister has been reading in the Bible this morning, and she read some verses that grandmamma made me learn off some time ago. I did not understand then what they meant, but grandmamma told me this morning that they were the words of God, and they said, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow, turn not away. Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you.' So I began to think it must be very wicked in me to be unkind to you, just because you had used me ill, and so I determined to bring you the roses."

"You are very good, Anna," said Jane, while the tears started into her eyes, for her too great volatility was subdued by sickness; "but, indeed, Anna, you are not kinder to me than I would have been to you, if you had been sick; for I never meant to use you ill, and if I ever said any thing that seemed like it, I did not intend to offend you."

Anna was satisfied with this apology; and stayed so long with Jane, endeavoring to amuse her, that her grandmamma began to wonder what had become of her. On her return, when she told them in reply to their inquiries of where she had been, she added, "That is the good of your Sunday reading, grandmamma, and of your keeping me quiet; for if you had not kept me still, I should never have listened, and then I would never have known that our heavenly Father has told us, that we ought to forgive those who behave ill to us. But, indeed, I do not believe now that Jane Campbell intended to use me ill; though, I dare say, I should still have thought so, if it had not been for what Susan read this morning."

"I am very glad," said an uncle of the little girl, who had arrived a day or two before, "that the occupation of the Sunday morning will, in future, be so pleasingly associated; for the gentleman that came from town with me is an artist, and came with me, on purpose, to take your grandmamma's picture at the moment of one of these readings, when she always appears to the greatest advantage. He was standing in a snug corner, when you were all so engaged, and was making a sketch of the group, from which I am sure he will make a beautiful picture. But this picture will become tenfold more interesting, when associated, as it will now be, with the recollection of so pleasing a change having been wrought in the mind of her darling grandchild."

Soon after this Anna strolled into the garden, and soon found herself standing beside her own flowers. The tea-rose was there with only one flower on it; but Anna looked at that one, and thought she had never before seen any thing so beautiful, and that it certainly was the most beautiful rose that the tree had ever borne; for Anna was too young and inexperienced to discover, that the extraordinary sweetness of the flower was derived from her own feelings of self-approbation, or that this happiest moment of her life was the result of principle, and that this principle was the reward of the proper manner in which she had spent a Sunday morning.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.—THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
That fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.—RUFUS DAWES.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there :
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepened fold
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

INDIAN SUMMER.—MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH.

ABOUT a fortnight after my first arrival at Hazel Grove commenced that delightful season which we call Indian summer. I dare say you all know that by this we mean the two or three weeks of mild pleasant weather which we generally have in November, after the frosty nights and cold winds have made us suppose that winter has come. I have no doubt that you all love better to be in the open air at this season than at any other—that you play more merrily when out, and go in more reluctantly. But you have, perhaps, enjoyed the season without exactly knowing the reason of your enjoyment. Now I would have you, when next there is an Indian summer, notice how pure and balmy the air is, and of how deep and rich a yellow are the beams of the sun. I would have my young friends observe all the beautiful and pleasant things with which God has surrounded them, for if they do not, they will fail to give him, in return, the tribute of loving and grateful hearts which is due to him.

It was on one of these bright, pure, golden days in Indian summer, that I seated myself, as usual, after breakfast, in Mrs. Wilmot's library, but I tried in vain either to read or write. Do what I would, my eyes would turn to the windows, and instead of the words on the page before me, I saw the leaves on the trees, the white clouds sailing over the bright blue sky, or the little birds hopping from branch to branch. If I had had lessons to learn that day I know not what I should have done; but I had no lessons to learn, so I threw my book aside, put on my shawl and bonnet, and was soon walking in that beautiful wood whose appearance on my first arrival I have described to you. Delightful indeed was my walk—full of pleasant sights and sounds, and often did I wish for some of my young friends to partake of my enjoyments, as I saw a shower of bright-colored

leaves whirling about in the air whenever the wind stirred the branches of the trees, or a shy rabbit spring away to a safer hiding-place, or a startled squirrel dart to the topmost boughs which overhung my path, as the dry leaves rustled under my feet. So I wandered on, observing all these things, but meeting no one till I had nearly passed the wood. Then I heard a low, gentle voice singing. I listened, approaching as softly as possible. Soon I could hear the words, and found that they were French. It was a hymn describing the beauties of nature, and expressing the devotion of a grateful, loving heart to Him who made it so beautiful. I afterward had the words of this hymn from Cecille, and have tried to translate them into English verse for you. Here is my translation.

CECILLE'S HYMN.

Thine, Father, is yon sky so bright,
And thine the sun, whose golden light
Is shed alike on brook and sea,
On lowly flower and lofty tree.
So thou, in equal love, hast smiled
On seraph high and humble child.

No sea on which the sun doth look,
Gleams brighter than yon little brook,
The loftiest tree, the lowliest flower,
Alike rejoice to feel his power;
And thou, while seraphs hymn thy praise,
Dost bend to hear my simple lays.

When I was quite near Cecille, my steps caused her to look around. She did not seem at all startled or surprised at seeing me, but with a pleasant smile held out her hand to me as I bade her good morning.

"I see, Cecille," said I, "that this lovely weather makes you an idler as well as me."

"Not quite an idler, ma'am," she replied, showing me a

drawing she had made while sitting there, of the widow Daly's cottage and orchard.

"For what is that pretty drawing intended, Cecille?"

"I hardly know yet, ma'am. The sun looked so bright and warm, that grandmamma knew I longed to be in it, so she made me put away my embroidery and come out, and this was the only thing I could do out here."

After looking at it a moment in silence, she added, "Do you not think it would make a pretty painting for the top of a workbox?"

"Yes, very pretty; but are you never idle, Cecille?"

"Not often, ma'am," said she, modestly.

"And do you not get weary of being always at work?"

"Weary of working for grandmamma—dear, good grandmamma!" she exclaimed, with energy. "Oh, no! never." A minute after, speaking more quietly, she said, "Perhaps I should get tired, but when the work seems dull and hard, I always remember what Mr. Logan told me to do."

"And what was that, Cecille?"

"He said that at such times I must think of something that grandmamma wanted very much, and say to myself, this will help me to buy it when it is done, and he was sure then I would not get tired, or want to put my work down."

"Mr. Logan was a very wise man. Where did you know him?"

"In N., a little village that we went to when we first came over from France, when my dear papa was with us. He lived there with us for four years before he went back to France. My own dear papa, how I wish I could see him!"

"You remember your father, then," said I.

"Remember him!" she repeated; "why, it is only two years since he left us to go back to France."

"And what made him leave you, Cecille?" said I—then in an instant, feeling that my interest in Cecille had made me ask a question which it might be wrong in her to answer, I added, "Do not answer me, my child, if it was any thing which you think your father would not wish you to tell."

"Oh, no!" said Cecille, smiling, "it was only because some friends wrote to him to say that if he would come to France, they thought they could get the king to give him back an estate that had been unjustly taken from him."

"And should he get it, would you return to France, Cecille?"

"Yes, for papa and grandmamma love France so well, that they will never, I think, be quite happy anywhere else. My mamma is buried there, too, on that same estate."

"Do you remember her, Cecille?"

"No—she died when I was a very little baby, and my grandmamma took care of me just as if she had been my own mamma. Papa told me all about it the night before he went away from us, and then he divided all the money that was left of what he had brought from France, into two parcels, and he made me count what he took, and showed me that it was just enough to pay for his going back; and he told me how much was in the other parcel that he was to leave with grandmamma. It seemed a great deal to me then, but papa said it was very little, and that it could not last long. Then he told me that he had taught me all he could himself, and had others teach me what he could not, in order that I might be able to work for grandmamma and myself, and I must do it when that money was gone, if I hoped for his blessing."

"And what made you leave N.?"

"Because it was such a little village that I could hardly get any work there. Mr. Logan advised us to go to New York; and we set out to go there, but the stage broke down with us here, and if it was not that poor grandmamma had suffered so much, I should be glad it did."

"You like your home here, then?"

"Oh, yes! dear Dr. Willis and Mrs. Wilmot are so kind to us. And then it is so pleasant to teach Clara and Grace, and every month to carry home some money to grandmamma."

"Then you carry to her whatever is paid you?"

"Yes; and after she has taken out what will pay Mrs.

Daly our rent, and any thing else we happen to owe, she gives me back the rest to do what I please with. I long for this month to be gone, that I may get my money, for I have something very good to do with it this month."

She looked up so pleasantly in my face, that I said, "Will you not tell me what it is, Cecille?"

"Yes, if you will not tell, for I want to surprise grand-mamma. I am going to get her some flannel. I have found out already how much it will cost, and I will have a plenty of money, with a little that I laid by from the last month, to get it. Then I will get some one to show me how to cut it out, and it shall be all made before grandmamma sees it. Do you not think she will be pleased?"

"Very much pleased, I doubt not," I replied, "and you must let me cut it out for you, and assist you in making it."

"Will you do that? That will be very kind."

We were both silent a little while, when Cecille, suddenly looking up, asked, "Do you not speak French?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then you must come and see my grandmamma. Will you not?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; but does she not speak English?"

"A little, but it is not easy to her—and so I do not ask people to see her who cannot understand her French."

"Shall I go with you now?" I asked.

Cecille looked up to the sun and down again, without speaking. I saw she was a little embarrassed, and said, "You would rather I should not go to-day."

"Yes—for it is near grandmamma's dinner-time, and I must go to get it for her," she added, rising.

I rose too, and taking her hand, said, "Well, good-by, Cecille—remember we are not to be strangers any longer."

"No, no," she said, warmly, "friends—good friends now." She held up her face to be kissed, picked up her pencil and drawing, and hastened away. Before she had gone far, I could again hear her carolling cheerfully, "Thine, Father, is you sky so bright."

THE LIGHT OF HOME.—SARAH J. HALE.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go ;—but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray ;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way :

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire ;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam :
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home !

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the *name*,
But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day :

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come !—
My son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

OLD STORIES.—ALICE CARRY.

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I list to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the autumn rain.

High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shelter hath ;
And the tall grass hides the rabbit,
Asleep in the churchyard path.

On the hills is a voice of wailing
For the pale dead flowers again,
That sounds like the heavy trailing
Of robes in a funeral train.

Oh, if there were one who loved me—
A kindly and gray-haired sire,
To sit and rehearse old stories
To-night by my cabin fire :

The winds as they would might rattle
The boughs of the ancient trees—
In the tale of a stirring battle
My heart would forget all these.

Or if by the embers dying
We talked of the past, the while,
I should see bright spirits flying
From the pyramids and the Nile.

Echoes from harps long silent
Would troop through the aisles of time,
And rest on the soul like sunshine,
If we talked of the bards sublime.

But hark! did a phantom call me,
Or was it the wind went by?
Wild are my thoughts, and restless,
But they have no power to fly.

In place of the cricket humming,
And the moth by the candle's light,
I hear but the death-watch drumming—
I've heard it the livelong night.

Oh for a friend who loved me—
Oh for a gray-haired sire,
To sit with a quaint old story,
To-night by my cabin fire.

THE YOUNG TYROLESE--MISS STRICKLAND.

AMONG the gallant band of patriots that rallied so bravely round the standard of Andrew Hofer, there was not a more devoted champion of freedom than Gustavus Rosen. Placed by birth and fortune beyond the cares incidental to poverty, and blessed in the society of a beloved wife and two amiable children, Rosen had passed the meridian of his days in tranquil happiness; misfortune had been a stranger to his dwelling, till the invasion of the French army poured the red tide of war with remorseless fury into the once peaceful valleys of the Tyrol. All that was dear and lovely lay crushed beneath the steps of the conqueror; the voice of woe and wailing was heard throughout the land—mothers mourned for their children, children for their parents.

The sound of busy, cheerful labor ceased on the plains; the joyous voice of childhood was hushed. The note of the shepherd's pipe was heard no more as he led his fleecy care from the fold. The chime of sabbath bells no longer swelled with hallowed melody upon the breeze, summoning

the inhabitants of the land to meet together in the house of prayer, to mingle in one general chorus of praise and grateful thanksgiving to Him from whose hand all blessings flow.

Those bells were now only heard pealing forth the alarm that woke terror and dismay in the hearts of the feeble and the helpless, mingling in jangling and discordant sounds with the rolling of drums, the shrill blast of the bugle, or loud trumpet, and the deep roar of the artillery. The tumult of war had hushed all other sounds.

Panic stricken, the Tyrolese at first made no effectual effort for resisting the invading army; they looked to Austria for succor, but she was unable to afford them any assistance, and the hapless Tyrol fell a victim to the policy of its princes.

In the hour of terror and despair, when all had forsaken her, Hofer, the village innkeeper, alone stood forward as the champion of his country. Fired with patriotic zeal, he planted the standard of freedom once more on his native mountains, exhorting his countrymen to rally round it in defence of their country's rights.

The fire of patriotism was kindled, and like the electric shock it flew from man to man. The thrilling cry of "Hofer and liberty!" was repeated by every tongue. "We will conquer or die in the cause of freedom!" and a thousand answering echoes from the hills returned—"We will die!

Even women and children seemed inspired with the same patriotic zeal, and vowed to die in the defence of their country. Mothers were seen leading their sons, yet striplings in years, to the camp, with their own hands arming them in the cause of liberty. "It is better to die than to live the slaves of France," they said.

The standard of the Tyrolese army was committed by Hofer's own hand, to the care of the young son of Gustavus Rosen, a gallant boy of sixteen, with a solemn charge to defend it with his life.

"I will defend it," replied the youth, as he unfolded it to

the breeze, "and where this banner falls, there shall the son of Gustavus Rosen be found beside it. Death only shall part us."

Three times did the brave Tyrolese, led on by Hofer, beat back the invader to the frontier, and victory seemed to crown them with success; but the crafty Bavarian now poured his thousands into the Tyrol, overpowering by the force of numbers, the few brave men who were left to defend their country, and effecting that which the armies of France had been unable to do alone.

At this juncture Austria made peace with France, and the Tyrol was ceded to Bonaparte, who demanded it as one of the conditions of the treaty. Unable to defend the province, the emperor yielded up the Tyrol without reserve.

Hopeless, dejected, and overpowered by numbers, the unfortunate Tyrolese were obliged to relinquish the unequal strife; burning with indignation, they withdrew among the inaccessible glens and fastnesses of their native mountains, resolving to perish rather than yield to the usurper's power.

The bravest and best of that devoted band had fallen, or were carried captives across the Alps:

"Scattered and sunk, the mountain band
Fling the loved rifle from their hand,
The soul of fight is done."

During the heat of the war, Gustavus Rosen had conveyed his wife and his infant daughter to a safe retreat among the mountains, where, under the care of an old and faithful friend, who for many years had followed the adventurous life of an Alpine hunter, he knew they would be safe from the horrors of the war which spared not in its fury either the infant or the ancient of days.

"Here, my beloved Gertrude," he said, addressing his weeping partner, "you and our Teresa will find safety and

repose ; and though old Albrecht's cot be rude and homely, it is far better than our camps and leaguered walls."

"There is no safety where you are not," exclaimed the wife of Rosen, throwing herself into his arms—"if there be safety in this wild retreat, stay and share it with us."

The eye of the patriot soldier flashed fire ; he turned and pointed sternly to the wreaths of dun smoke that rolled in heavy volumes across the distant plain. "A thousand helpless mothers, with their orphan children, cry for vengeance against the spoiler on yonder smoking plain ! And shall their appeal be unheard !" he cried, vehemently grasping his sword. "See, Gertrude, even now heaven blushes with the fiery glare of yon flaming hamlet, and shall I slumber here in inglorious ease, while my country demands my aid ?"

Then softening the impetuosity of his manner, he strove to soothe his weeping spouse ; the patriot's sternness yielded to the tenderness of the husband and father, he fondly folded the beloved objects of his solicitude to his heart. Suddenly a rifle was fired. "Hark, 'tis the signal gun," he cried. "Gertrude, that shot was fired by our gallant boy." "My child ! my Henrick !" exclaimed the distracted mother. "Stay, my husband !" but before the sound of that rifle had ceased to reverberate among the rocks, Rosen was gone : with desperate haste he pursued his perilous way, leaping from crag to crag, now trusting his weight to the weak sapling that overhung his path, or stemming with nervous arm the force of the mountain torrent that would have barred his path.

Old Albrecht watched his fearful progress with silent awe ; then turned to soothe the grief of the disconsolate Gertrude and her daughter ; cheering them with the hope that Rosen would soon return, at the same time bidding them welcome to his lowly roof and mountain fare. "You will be as safe, dear lady," he said, as the eagle on his eyrie on the rocks above you."

The first intelligence that reached the wife of Rosen was,

that her husband had fallen in the Passeyre valley, in a desperate skirmish with the French; it was the last effort made by the brave Tyrolese in defence of their country. The brave Henrick too was no more; he was found stretched on the banks of the little stream at the gorge of the valley, wrapped in the banner which he had sworn to defend with his last drop of blood. He had faithfully fulfilled his word, and the standard of freedom had become the winding-sheet of the young hero.

"We knew young Henrick Rosen," said the soldier who brought the sad news to the cottage of Albrecht, "by his fair face, and by the standard which he still grasped in his hand, though that hand was stiffened by the chillness of death."

This heavy news overpowered the weak frame of Madame Rosen; she never again looked up, and before the close of the autumn, Teresa wept over the green sod that covered the grave of her mother.

She had not attained her fifteenth year when she found herself an orphan, alone in the world, cut off from every kindred tie: yet in the excess of her grief, she acknowledged the mercy of Him who had not left her entirely destitute.

The old hunter and his wife, folding the sorrowing orphan by turns in their arms, promised to fulfil to her the part of parents. "You shall be our child," they said—"shall eat of our own bread, and drink of our own cup, and be to us as a daughter."

With pious words they strove to quiet the grief of their adopted child, directing her to look to that source whence only true comfort flows: and humbly to submit to the chastening of that all-merciful God, who wounds but to heal, and fills our hearts with sorrow that true joy may abound.

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all the playing—
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in ;
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half-shut
Slants the shining azure—
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber ;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you ?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you ?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth !
I smile, too ! for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss !
I shall sleep, though losing !
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by his grace
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly !
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping, must be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside—
(Sleeper, have you heard me ?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me ?)
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy !

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.—N. P. WILLIS.

THE king stood still
Till the last echo died : then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :—
“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou should'st die,
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.
How could he mark *thee* for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom !

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee;
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet “*my father*” from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come,
To meet me, Absalom!

“And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

“And now, farewell! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.—WILLIAM HOWITT.

It came to pass in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility? and therefore they lived to a good old age, and “sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced;” so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, “What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room?” So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do. And, behold, there arose amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well-formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said, “Fellow citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the boar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy, and jollity. Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, towns,

and villages ready built to our hands. Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not only get all these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exultation, and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him, cried out, "Ay, it is true! Let us arise and get great glory!"

But at that word, there stood up Mynheer Kindermann, an old man—a very old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children and his children's children at their play, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend. As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "Glory," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud, "My brethren! I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I travelled far and wide with my merchandise; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people; but what of that? It is not people that we lack; it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains;—and is that glory? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in;—and is that glory? And if we take those cities, and

towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with God's blessing. Oh, what honest, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes, which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal forests, to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before the Great Father who made us all! My brethren, I cannot think that is glory, but great disgrace and infamy, and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.

"I have long looked about me, and I see that heaven has given all those countries round us to whom he would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes, where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves; and cursed be he who would disturb or injure them.

"But, my brethren, how shall we get glory? and what is of more immediate necessity, how shall we get land to live in? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too long the custom for men to call themselves *warriors* when they desire to be *murderers*, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbors; and I have thought, as all the land is taken up, and as we cannot without great sin invade the land, that *we had better invade the sea*, where we can take, and wrong no man. And who does not know, that has looked toward the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to belong neither to the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the waters, and sometimes it is partly bare—a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious crabs, that make war upon one another—the stronger upon the weaker—and sea-fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls 'great

glory.' My brethren, let us invade the sea—let us get piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spare."

As he finished his speech, there arose a deep murmur, that grew and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out: "Yes, we will invade the sea!" and so it was decreed. Then began they with axes to fell wood; with levers and mattocks to wrench up stones; and with wagons, horses, and oxen to lead them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gone down very far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof. And it went down, and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still further, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed the bank still further, so that, in great amaze, it said within itself: "What are these little insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their banks, and sweep both it and them away together." But, at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then was it filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the progress of itself—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm

of bees. Marvellous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there; stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the mound will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places and many men perished.

Then went Van Manslaughter amongst the people with great joy, and many loud words, saying: "See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your old counsellor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave it to people this bog with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."

Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him and bid them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it stronger and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage and did so; for they said: "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the mound, and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people, seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The mound will stand!"

Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. Then the inhabitants rejoiced, saying: "Others have invaded lands and killed people, but we have

hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and Heaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

These are the people whose wealth and industry are known through the whole world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the name of the Honest Dutchmen. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were on that day!

COME AND GONE.—EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The silent moonbeams on the drifted snow
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,
While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow
Cast on the iced oak's trunk and gray rock's brow
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,
Like happy groom and bride,
With azured green, and emerald-orange glare,
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns bright,
And Hannah at the door,
Stands—through the clear, cold-mooned, and starry night,
Gazing intently toward the scarce-seen height,
O'er the white moor.

'Tis Christmas eve! and, from the distant town
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,
Old Alfred watcheth calm ;
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,
Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not? Yea, from the wind-swept hill
The cottage-fire he sees ;
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor ;
In thought, the sheep-boy's call ;
In thought, he meets his mother at the door ;
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds, who died when he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter ; vain her prayer to see
Poor Edwin yet again :—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more !

No more with her will hear the bittern boom
At evening's dewy close !
No more with her will wander where the broom
Contents in beauty with the hawthorn-bloom
And budding rose !

Oh, love is strength ! love, with divine control,
Recalls us when we roam !
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—that sweet word hath turned his pale lip red,
Relumed his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;
The early rose, that seemed forever dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home!—Behold the cottage of the moor,
That hears the sheep-boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open door
With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,
“Thanks God for all!”

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands are pressed;
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed:
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?
Why dread the hectic flower, which blossometh
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when, like the birds,
He culled the wild flower's bloom,
And roamed the moorland with the houseless herds;
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,
“Is Edwin come?”

He wept. But still, almost till morning beamed,
They talked of Jane—then slept.
But, though he slept, his eyes, half-open, gleamed;
For still of dying Jane her brother dreamed,
And, dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought
The churchyard where she lies.
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought;
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep
In the heart's depth awake.
To his sad mother, pausing oft to weep,
He gave a token, which he bade her keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,
Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, forever! could they less
Than bless and love that type of tenderness?—
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherished thought they wore;
And till their latest breath,
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more
In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,
Far from the desert where the wild flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.—*Mrs. SIGOURNEY.*

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock
And graved in paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind:
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.—ANONYMOUS.

I'VE been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through
their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work
was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard
of more.
For some had gone with daring foot the craggy peaks to
gain,
Until they seemed like hazy specks to gazers on the plain;
But in a fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,
Or were crushed beneath the avalanche that starts at human
sound:
And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear—
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not
hear;
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:
“It is among those barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.
“One cloudless sabbath summer morn the sun was rising
high,
When from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed was done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry I humbly trust in God I ne'er may hear again!
I hurried out to learn the cause, but overwhelmed with
fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied
sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,

But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing
through the air.

Oh, what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye—
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry!
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free;
At intervals I heard his cries, a shriek and stifled scream!
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they seem.
The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he
flew,

A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite!
All search was vain, and years had passed—that child was
ne'er forgot;

When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never
reached,

He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached.

"I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away;
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay.
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a
shred,

The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head,"
That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, gaze—nor go without a sigh.
And as I journeyed the next morn, along the sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

THE CHURCH OF "THE CUP OF WATER."—ELIZA COOK.

ONE very hot evening in the year 1815, the curate of San Pedro, a village distant but a few leagues from Seville, returned very much fatigued to his poor home; his worthy housekeeper, Senora Margarita, about seventy years of age, awaited him. However much any one might have been accustomed to distress and privation among the Spanish peasantry, it was impossible not to be struck with the evidence of poverty in the house of the good priest. The nakedness of the walls and scantiness of the furniture were the more apparent, from a certain air about them of better days. Senora Margarita had just prepared for her master's supper an olla podrida, which, notwithstanding the sauce and high-sounding name, was nothing more than the remains of his dinner, which she had disguised with the greatest skill. The curate, gratified at the odor of this savory dish, exclaimed:

"Thank God, Margarita, for this dainty dish. By San Pedro, friend, you may well bless your stars to find such a supper in the house of your host."

At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and beheld a stranger who accompanied her master. The face of the old dame assumed suddenly an expression of wrath and disappointment; her angry glances fell on the new comer, and again on her master, who looked down, and said with the timidity of a child who dreads the remonstrance of his parent:

"Peace, Margarita, where there is enough for two, there is always enough for three; and you would not have wished me to leave a Christian to starve? he has not eaten for three days."

"Santa Maria! he a Christian! he looks more like a robber;" and muttering to herself, the housekeeper left the room. During this parley, the stranger remained motion-

less at the threshold of the door; he was tall, with long black hair and flashing eyes, his clothes were in tatters, and the long rifle which he carried excited distrust rather than favor.

"Must I go away?" he inquired.

The curate replied with an emphatic gesture, "Never shall he whom I shelter, be driven away or made unwelcome; but sit down, put aside your gun, let us say grace, and to our repast."

"I never quit my weapon; as the proverb says, two friends are one, my rifle is my best friend; I shall keep it between my knees. Though you may not send me from your house till it suits me, there are others who would make me leave theirs against my will, and perhaps head-foremost. Now to your health, let us eat." The curate himself, although a man of good appetite, was amazed at the voracity of the stranger, who seemed to bolt rather than eat almost the whole of the dish, besides drinking the whole flask of wine, and leaving none for his host, or scarcely a morsel of the enormous loaf which occupied a corner of the table. Whilst he was eating so voraciously, he started at the slightest noise; if a gust of wind suddenly closed the door, he sprang up, and levelling his rifle, seemed determined to repel intrusion; having recovered from his alarm, he again sat down, and went on with his repast. "Now," said he, speaking with his mouth full, "I must tax your kindness to the utmost. I am wounded in the thigh, and eight days have passed without its being dressed. Give me a few bits of linen, then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not wish to rid myself of you," replied the curate, interested in his guest in spite of his threatening demeanor, by his strange exciting conversation. "I am somewhat of a doctor; you will not have the awkwardness of a country barber, or dirty bandages to complain of, you shall see;" so speaking, he drew forth from a closet, a bundle containing all things needed, and turning up his sleeves, prepared himself to discharge the duty of a surgeon.

The wound was deep; a ball had passed through the stranger's thigh, who, to be able to walk, must have exerted a strength and courage more than human. "You will not be able to proceed on your journey to-day," said the curate, probing the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur artist. "You must remain here to-night; good rest will restore your health and abate the inflammation, and the swelling will go down."

"I must depart to-day, at this very hour," replied the stranger, with a mournful sigh. "There are some who wait for me, others who seek me," he added with a ferocious smile. "Come, let us see, have you done your dressing? Good: here I am light and easy, as if I never had been wounded. Give me a loaf—take this piece of gold in payment for your hospitality, and farewell." The curate refused the tendered gold with emphasis. "As you please, pardon me—farewell." So saying, the stranger departed, taking with him the loaf which Margarita had so unwillingly brought at her master's order. Soon his tall figure disappeared in the foliage of the wood about the village.

An hour later, the report of fire-arms was heard. The stranger reappeared, bleeding, and wounded in the breast. He was ghastly, as if dying.

"Here," said he, presenting to the old priest some pieces of gold. "My children—in the ravine—in the wood—near the little brook."

He fell, just as half a dozen soldiers rushed in, arms in hand; they met with no resistance from the wounded man, whom they closely bound, and, after some time, allowed the priest to dress his wound; but in spite of all his remarks on the danger of moving a man so severely wounded, they placed him on a cart.

"Basta," said they, "he can but die. He is the great robber, Don José della Ribera." José thanked the good priest by a motion of his head, then asked for a glass of water, and as the priest stooped to put it to his lips, he faintly said, "You remember."

The curate replied with a nod, and when the troop had departed, in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented to him the danger of going out in the night, and the inutility of such a step, he quickly crossed the wood toward the ravine, and there found the dead body of a woman, killed, no doubt, by some stray shot from the guards. A baby lay at her breast; by her side, a little boy of about four years old, who was endeavoring to wake her, pulling her by the sleeve, thinking she had fallen asleep, and calling her, mamma. One may judge of Margarita's surprise when the curate returned with two children on his arms.

"Santa Madre! What can this mean! What will you do in the night? We have not even sufficient food for ourselves, and yet you bring two children. I must go and beg from door to door, for them and ourselves. And who are these children? The sons of a bandit—a gipsy; and worse, perhaps. Have they ever been baptized?"

At this moment the infant uttered a plaintive cry: "What will you do to feed this baby? we cannot afford a nurse; we must use the bottle, and you have no idea of the wretched nights we shall have with him."

"You will sleep in spite of all," replied the good curate.

"Oh, santa Maria! he cannot be more than six months old! Happily I have a little milk here, I must warm it," and forgetting her anger, Margarita took the infant from the priest, kissed it, and soothed it to rest. She knelt before the fire, stirred the embers to heat the milk quicker, and when this little one had had enough, she put him to sleep, and the other had his turn. Whilst Margarita gave him some supper, undressed him, and made him a bed for the night, of the priest's cloak, the good old man related to her how he had found the children; in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.

"Oh, that is fine and good!" said Margarita, "but how can they and we be fed?"

The curate took the Bible, and read aloud—

"Whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water to one of the least, being a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," responded the housekeeper.

The next day, the good father ordered the burial of the poor woman, and he himself read the service over her grave.

Twelve years from this time, the curate of San Pedro, then seventy years of age, was warming himself in the sun, in front of his house. It was winter, and there had been no sunshine for two days.

Beside him stood a boy, ten or twelve years old, reading aloud the daily prayers, and from time to time casting a look of envy on a youth of about sixteen, tall, handsome, and muscular, who labored in the garden adjoining that of the priest. Margarita, being now blind, was listening attentively, when the youngest boy exclaimed, "Oh! what a beautiful coach," as a splendid equipage drove up near the door.

A domestic, richly dressed, dismounted, and asked the old priest to give him a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "give this nobleman a glass of water, and add to it a glass of wine, if he will accept it. Be quick!"

The gentleman alighted from the coach. He seemed about fifty.

"Are the children your nephews?" inquired he.

"Much better," said the priest, "they are mine by adoption, be it understood."

"How so?"

"I shall tell you, for I can refuse nothing to such a gentleman, for, poor and inexperienced in the world as I am, I need good advice, how best to provide for these two boys."

"Make ensigns of them in the king's guards, and in order to keep up a suitable appearance, he must allow them a pension of six thousand ducats."

"I ask your advice, my lord, not mockery."

"Then you must have your church rebuilt, and by the

side of it a pretty parsonage-house, with handsome iron railings to inclose the whole. When this work will be complete, it shall be called the church of the 'Cup of Water.' Here is the plan of it, will it suit you?"

"What can this mean?"

"What vague remembrance is mine; these features—this voice—mean that I am Don José della Ribera. Twelve years ago, I was the brigand José. I escaped from prison, and the times have changed; from the chief of robbers, I have become the chief of a party. You befriended me. You have been a father to my children. Let them come to embrace me—let them come," and he opened his arms to receive them. They fell on his bosom.

When he had long pressed them, and kissed them by turns, with tears and half-futtered expressions of gratitude, he held out his hand to the old priest—

"Well, my father, will you not accept the church?"

The curate, greatly moved, turned to Margarita, and said: "Whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water unto one of the least, being my disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," responded the old dame, who wept for joy at the happiness of her master and his children by adoption, at whose departure she also grieved.

Twelve months afterward, Don José della Ribera and his two sons attended at the consecration of the church of San Pedro, one of the prettiest churches in the environs of Seville.

MUSINGS.—AMELIA B. WELBY.

I WANDERED out one summer night,
'Twas when my years were few,
The wind was singing in the light,
And I was singing too;

The sunshine lay upon the hill,
The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes ;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies ;
I clapped my hands and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
In bright and glittering bands ;
Like little children, wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands—
They linked their hands, but, ere I caught
Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and, quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free ;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea ;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides
Her mirrored beauty gave,
And, as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave ;

The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,
Made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs that my spirit heard
And answered with a prayer ;
For 'twas upon that dewy sod,
Beside the moaning seas,
I learned at first to worship God,
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
Were bowed in slumber free,
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where'er they chanced to be ;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven ;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep
'Neath the blue eye of heaven !

No costly robes upon them shone,
No jewels from the seas,
Yet Solomon upon his throne
Was ne'er arrayed like these ;
And just as free from guilt and art
Were lovely human flowers,
Ere Sorrow set her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair ;
The breezy fingers of the wind—
How cool and moist they were !

I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft enchanting strain :
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay !
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine—
I'd give the world to melt one heart
As they have melted mine !

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH.—MRS. GILMAN.

"MOTHER, how still the baby lies !
I cannot hear his breath ;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now ;
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how !"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm you thought ?

"I told you the almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

"Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies ;—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies !"

"Oh, yes, mamma ! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

"Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell
On golden wings to range—

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things !"

FIFTY YEARS AGO.—WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A song for the early times out west,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come :
A song for the free and gladsome life
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead !

Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer ;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer ;
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

We shunned not labor ; when 'twas due
We wrought with right good will ;
And for the home we won for them
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met ;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

We felt that we were fellow-men ;
We felt we were a band
Sustained here in the wilderness
By heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,

And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round,
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom we sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan ;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own !
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

But now our course of life is short ;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers !
Yet while we linger we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were pioneers
Fifty years ago !

THE SKATER'S SONG.—EPHRAIM PEARBODY

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river;
And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light,
On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away! for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance—
Come, let us our comrades rally!

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out
The skater heeds them not—
Midst the laugh and shout of the jocund rout,
Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng,
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
They wage their riotous game;
And though the night-air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been—
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter hearth;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be—
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice
glows,
There is the place for me!

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.—ANONYMOUS.

I WAS standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweller's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! "Oh, I cannot," said the child, "I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind." "To-night?" said the beautiful woman—"to-night?" "Yes," said the child,—"for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—" The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell

it. "And where does your mother live, little girl?" So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread: but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were very cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence; and, turning away went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow damp street, and into a small, dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother; but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a *little* piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings, and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining into her heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of *dry* bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all

that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then, presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone: only, as she went out, I heard her say—"*Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!*" What could she mean! I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too; and I went to a bright room where there was music, and dancing, and lights, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper glittered upon her foot; but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

THE DAFFODILS.—HERRICK.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing :
We die,
As your hours do ; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

A WINTER THOUGHT.—HENRY C. WATSON.

A BEAUTIFUL, fleecy, shimmering veil
Has fallen on the shivering ground ;
It has wrapped it up in a pure white shroud,
Like a bride in cerements bound.
Tread light on the earth,
'Tis dead 'neath the snow !
Breathe a prayer for our mother
In whispers low.

It covers the earth, and it covers the graves
Where untold myriads sleep ;
The frozen tears are falling fast
Which God's own angels weep.
Tread light on the graves
'Neath the merciful snow,
Breathe a prayer for the dead
Who dream below.

The snow shall pass as the months roll on,
It shall sink in the frozen earth :
And life shall flash through earth's dead, cold heart,
Till it throbs with a new, glad birth.
And the dead shall rise
With never a pain,
For the breath of the Lord
Shall quicken again !

RUDBARI AND HASSAN.—LEONARD WOODS.

(From the Persian).

In ancient days, as the old stories run,
Strange hap befell a father and his son.
Rudbari was an old sea-faring man,
And loved the rough paths of the ocean ;
And Hassan was his child—a boy as bright
As the keen moon, gleaming in the vault of night.
Rose-red his cheek, narcissus-like his eye,
And his form might well with the slender cypress vie.
Godly Rudbari was, and just and true,
And Hassan pure as a drop of early dew.
Now, because Rudbari loved this only child,
He was fain to take him o'er the waters wild.

The ship is on the strand—friends, brothers, parents, there
Take the last leave with mingled tears and prayer.

The sailor calls, the fair breeze chides delay,
The sails are spread, and all are under way.
But when the ship, like a strong-shot arrow, flew,
And the well-known shore was fading from the view,
Hassan spake, as he gazed upon the land,
Such mystic words as none could understand :—
“On this troubled wave in vain we seek for rest.
Who builds his house on the sea, or his palace on its breast ?
Let me but reach yon fixed and steadfast shore,
And the bounding wave shall never tempt me more.”
Then Rudbari spake : “And does my brave boy fear
The ocean’s face to see, and his thundering voice to hear ?
He will love, when home returned at last,
To tell, in his native cot, of dangers past.”
Then Hassan said : “Think not thy brave boy fears
When he sees the ocean’s face, or his voice of thunder hears.
But on these waters I may not abide ;
Hold me not back ; I will not be denied.”
Rudbari now wept o’er his wildered child :
“What mean these looks and words so strangely wild ?
Dearer, my boy, to me than all the gain
That I have earned from the bounteous bosom of the main !
Nor heaven, nor earth, could yield one joy to me,
Could I not, Hassan, share that joy with thee.”
But Hassan soon, in his wandering words, betrayed
The cause of the mystic air that round him played :
“Soon as I saw these deep, wide waters roll,
A light from the Infinite broke in upon my soul !”
“Thy words, my child, but ill become thine age,
And would better suit the mouth of some star-gazing
sage.”
“Thy words, my father, cannot turn away
Mine eye, now fixed on that supernal day.”
“Dost thou not, Hassan, lay these dreams aside,
I’ll plunge thee headlong in this whelming tide.”
“Do this, Rudbari, only not in ire,
’Tis all I ask, and all I can desire.

For on the bosom of this rolling flood,
Slumbers an awful mystery of Good;
And he may solve it, who will self expunge,
And in the depths of boundless being plunge."

He spake, and plunged, and as quickly sunk beneath
As the flying snow-flake melts on a summer heath.
A moment Rudbari stood, as fixedly bound
As the pearl is by the shell that clasps it round.
Then he followed his Hassan with a frantic leap,
And they slumber both on the bottom of the deep!

MARGARET LYNDSEY.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound, in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbor had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the

threshold, the robin redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. "There," said she, "is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'." The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbors, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the "God bless you, Alice, God bless you, Margaret, and the lave," and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with woe-begone faces, going like themselves, down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. *

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbors—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said, "Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' sic like." Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty

room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down, the room decently arranged, one and all of the neighbors said "Gude night," and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane, of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshiped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor—

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

THE SHADOWS.—SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

THEY are gliding, they are gliding,
O'er the meadows green and gay ;
Like a fairy troop they're riding
Through the breezy woods away ;

On the mountain-tops they linger
When the sun is sinking low,
And they point with giant finger
To the sleeping vale below.

They are fitting, they are fitting,
O'er the waving corn and rye,
And now they're calmly sitting
'Neath the oak-tree's branches high,
And where the tired reaper
Hath sought the sheltering tree,
They dance above the sleeper
In light fantastic glee.

They are creeping, they are creeping,
Over valley, hill, and stream,
Like the thousand fancies sweeping
Through a youthful poet's dream.
Now they mount on noiseless pinions
With the eagle to the sky—
Soar along those broad dominions
Where the stars in beauty lie.

They are dancing, they are dancing,
Where our country's banner bright
In the morning beam is glancing
With its stars and stripes of light ;
And where the glorious prairies
Spread out like garden bowers,
They fly along like fairies,
Or sleep beneath the flowers.

They are leaping, they are leaping,
Where a cloud beneath the moon
O'er the lake's soft breast is sleeping,
Lulled by a pleasant tune ;

And where the fire is glancing
At twilight through the hall,
Tall spectre forms are dancing
Upon the lofty wall.

They are lying, they are lying,
Where the solemn yew-tree waves,
And the evening winds are sighing
In the lonely place of graves ;
And their noiseless feet are creeping
With slow and stealthy tread,
Where the ancient church is keeping
Its watch above the dead.

Lo, they follow !—lo, they follow,
Or before flit to and fro
By mountain, stream, or hollow,
Wherever man may go !
And never for another
Will the shadow leave his side—
More faithful than a brother,
Or all the world beside.

Ye remind me, ye remind me,
O shadows pale and cold !
That friends to earth did bind me,
Now sleeping in the mould ;
The young, the loved, the cherished,
Whose mission early done,
In life's bright noontide perished
Like shadows in the sun.

The departed, the departed—
I greet them with my tears ;
The true and gentle-hearted,
The friends of earlier years.

Their wings like shadows o'er me
Methinks are spread for aye,
Around, behind, before me,
To guard the devious way.

THE HURRICANE.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LOED of the winds ! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky !
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane !

And lo ! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails ;
Silent, and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along.
Like the dark eternity to come ;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast—and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale ;

How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below;
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks,
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round,
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.—WILLIAM HOWITT.

Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the northern lights,
With their flashing splendors fly;
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow ;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall ;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear ;
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide ;
Perfect, as when in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl ;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

Up there shall start ten thousand wings
With a rushing, whistling din ;
Up shall the auk and fulmar start—
All but the fat penguin.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock,
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By inland streams to see,
Where the pelican of the silent north,
Sits there all silently.

But if thou love the southern seas,
And pleasant summer weather,
Come, let us mount this gallant ship,
And sail away together.

MAY.—JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Has the old glory passed
From tender May—
That never the echoing blast
Of bugle horns merry, and fast
Dying away like the past,
Welcomes the day?

Has the old beauty gone
From golden May—
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
Of the fairy May?—
Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks—cheeks rosy red!
Ah! where are they?

THE POOR FISHERMAN.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven, the sky and the earth were as tranquil as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, “the garden of England,” upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen’s cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines, and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him “God speed” on his voyage.

A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of caressing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father’s head; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she

breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

“Good luck, good luck!” exclaimed the old man; “good luck, and safe home again, John, ye want no more but God’s blessing, and that ye may have for asking; but ye may as well take mine too.” The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children; and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach. With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman’s family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlor, while the younger was preparing the breakfast-table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return.

Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, “Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy, too, was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home.” The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbor had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

“God grant it!” said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety; “He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship *Mary*; and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his

grave." Again she stirred the fire, again she arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched. The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant to sleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous. The deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father. The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect. "Aye," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now." "Do you remember, Jane, continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was afar off, and would have been useless if near?" And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best, but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the

potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jetting part of the cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it he wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose.

He rushed instantly toward the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next, licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed. The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide, he knew, was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could, to trust in God, the father of the fatherless.

He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock: it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring, not for life merely, but for beings still nearer to him.

The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to aban-

don his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him. The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey; soon it reached his waist, and he prayed that it might go no higher.

On, on, on it came, and his shoulders were covered; hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head, his eyeballs glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched.

Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had no strength to keep his head above the waves; every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers! at the very moment when the strength and spirit of man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the

waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher, that he knew: again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips—this was impossible if the tide still flowed. He could reason so much.

He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth: "O God, be merciful." The flow of the ocean had, indeed, ceased; there he still stood motionless—but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be forever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows, hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver.

Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! he had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life. "Now homeward, homeward!" he exclaimed. "Homeward, homeward!" echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound. The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing: in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay. Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short

time; a boat was evidently advancing toward the shore: in a few minutes they could clearly perceive a man at the bow waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome," of his father, and the almost inarticulate thanksgivings of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return; "Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me." Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning—"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!"

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

THE AUTUMN WALK.—MRS. EMMA EMBURY.

COME, sister Clara, let me take
That skipping-rope away;
I'm tired of marbles, top, and ball;
I want a walk to-day.

Go, get your hat; the autumn sun
Shines out so warm and bright,
That you might almost think it spring,
But for the swallow's flight.

In the old woods I found this morn
A drawing-room complete,
A Persian carpet made of leaves,
A mossy sofa's seat.

And through the many-colored boughs
The cheerful sunlight beams,
More beautiful by far than when
Through silken blinds it gleams.

In the twined branches overhead
The squirrel gambols free,
Dropping his empty nutshells down
Beneath the chestnut-tree.

And now and then the rustling leaves
Are scattered far and wide,
As the scared rabbit hurries past,
In deeper shades to hide.

Among the leafless brushwood, too,
You sometimes may espy,
Peering so cautiously about,
The woodrat's bright black eye.

Come, let us to that sunny nook ;
I love to wander so,
Amid the quiet autumn woods ;—
Dear sister, shall we go ?

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.—BISHOP HENKE.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery dressed,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven, welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May !

Mark ! how we meet thee,
At dawn of dewy day !
Hark ! how we greet thee
With our roundelay !
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May.

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday ;
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, and clasps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May.

SACRED SONG.—THOMAS MOORE

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
When I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.—PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Six changeful years are gone, LILY,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me ;
A little, shivering, feeble thing
You were, to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

You fastened on our hearts, LILY,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,
And deepened in your eye ;

A year made dimples in your hands,
And plumped your little feet,
And you had learned some merry ways
Which we thought very sweet.

And when the first sweet word, LILY,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times,
And marked the famous day.
I know not even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word,
But your proud mother surely knew,
For she the sound had heard.

When you were four years old, LILY,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled ;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

When care pressed on our house, LILY—
Pressed with an iron hand—
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land ;
But when I read your young frank face—
Its meanings sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again,
I felt my brotherhood.

And sometimes it would be, LILY,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold ;

But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

At last our cares are gone, LILY,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain ;
In the good land where we were born,
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.

Thanks to your gentle face, LILY !
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right,
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to Him
Who died upon the rood—
I ask his gentle care for you,
And for your mother good.

THE FLAX ; OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE.—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE flax stood in full bloom ; its flowers were of a delicate blue, soft as the wing of a moth, but far more beautiful ! The sun shone upon the flax, and the summer rain descended on it ; and this was good for the plant, even as it is for a little child to be bathed in pure water and then to receive its fond mother's kiss. The babe looks all the more lovely afterward, and thus it was also with the flax.

“People say that I am grown so tall and so beautiful,”

said the flax, "and that the finest and best linen may be woven out of me: now, am I not happy? Truly, I am the most fortunate of beings, for all is bright and well with me now, and hereafter I may hope also to be useful to others. How joyous is the sunshine, and how refreshing the rain? Oh, I am unspeakably happy, the very happiest of beings!"

"Yes, yes," replied a stout twig in the neighboring hedge, "you know nothing of the world; but we do to our cost, when our knotted stems are cut down."

One day there came people, who, seizing the flax by its head, pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water that it might become soft; and then it was placed over a slow fire as if it was to be baked. Oh, it was sad work!

"One cannot expect to be always prosperous," said the flax; "one must suffer now and then, and thereby, perhaps, a little wisdom may be gained."

But matters seemed to grow worse and worse: after the flax had been soaked and baked, it was beaten and hackled; neither could it guess the meaning of all that was inflicted. At length it was placed on the spinning-wheel—whizz, whizz, whizz! It was not easy to collect one's thoughts in this position.

"I *have* been extremely happy," thought the patient flax, amid all its sufferings; "one ought to be contented with the good things one has already enjoyed. Contentment, contentment, oh!—" The words were scarcely uttered, when the well-spun thread was placed in the loom. The whole of the flax, even to the last fibre, was used in the manufacture of a single piece of fine linen.

"Well this is really extraordinary; I never could have expected it! How favorable fortune is to me! It is really wonderful! What have I ever done to deserve so happy a fate? Oh, I am the most fortunate of beings! My web is so stout and so fine—so white and so smooth! This is quite another thing from being merely a plant, bearing flowers, indeed, but untended by man, and watered only when the

rain fell upon me from heaven. Now, I am waited on and cared for. Each morning does the neat-handed maiden turn me over; and in the evening I receive a rain-bath out of the bright green watering-pot; yes, and the pastor's lady herself has been talking of me, and says I am the best piece in the whole parish. I could not be happier than I am."

Now was the piece of linen carried into the house; then, submitted to the scissors; oh, how unmercifully was it nicked and cut, and stitched with needles! That was by no means agreeable; but from this single piece were cut twelve linen garments of that sort which one does not gladly name, but which all men desire to possess. Of such garments, twelve were cut out and quickly made.

"Only see, now; I have at length become really useful; and this, surely, was my true destiny. Oh, what a blessing is this, that I am allowed to produce something that is needful to mankind! and when one is permitted to do so, it is a source of the purest satisfaction. We are now become twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same. We are a dozen! What extraordinary good fortune is this!"

And years passed on—and the linen was now quite worn out.

"I shall very soon be laid aside," said each one of the garments; "I would gladly have lasted longer, but one must not desire impossibilities."

So they were torn into strips and shreds; and it seemed as if, now, all was over with the worn-out linen, for it was hacked and soaked and baked; and what more it scarcely knew, until it became fine white paper.

"Well, this is a surprise—a delightful surprise!" said the paper. "Now am I still finer than before; and of course I shall be written upon. Yes! Who can tell what glorious thoughts may be inscribed upon my leaves? This is indeed an unlooked for happiness!"

And so it turned out, truly, that the most beautiful tales and poetry were written upon the paper; and some of it came into the hands of a worthy pastor—that was a pecu-

liar happiness; for many people listened to the words he had noted down, and they were so wise and so good that they made men wiser and better than they were before. A blessing seemed to rest upon the words written on this paper.

"This is more than ever I ventured to dream of when I was a simple little blue flower growing in the field. How, indeed, could it have occurred to me that at a future time I should be the messenger of wisdom and of joy to mankind? It is almost inconceivable to me, and yet it is truly so. Our Lord God knoweth that I myself have done nothing, save after my feeble fashion, that which was needful to the very life of my being; yet He has led me on in this wise, from one degree of happiness and honor to another. Each time, when I thought within myself, 'now, indeed, the song is o'er,' then did it speedily rise to a higher and better strain. Now, I shall doubtless go on my travels, and be sent throughout the world that all men may become acquainted with my contents. This seems most likely; how, indeed, could it be otherwise, seeing that I have now so many precious thoughts to impart, even as many as were the little blue flowers which I bore in my earlier days? Ah, I am so happy—the very happiest of beings!"

But the paper was not destined to set out on its travels, for it was sent to the printing-press; and there all its writing was printed in a book or rather in many hundred books, so that an infinitely larger share of knowledge and amusement resulted from its circulation than if the written paper had been sent travelling round the world, when it would have been worn out before half its journey was accomplished.

"Well, this is truly a most sensible arrangement," thought the written paper; "never could such an idea have entered my imagination. Now am I left at home, and honored almost like an aged grandfather, which in fact I am, of all those new books, and they will do so much more good in the world: therefore was it that I could not be permitted to set out on my travels. I have, indeed, been kindly cared

for by him who wrote the whole ; and every word which flowed out of his pen has entered into my substance and become part of my very self. I am surely the very happiest of beings."

Then was the paper gathered in a bundle and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

"After the completion of a work it is good to repose awhile," said the paper ; "it is well to collect one's thoughts now and then, and to meditate on that which dwells within. For the first time in my life I now begin to understand aright what I was intended for ; and to know one's self is the truest progress. What may be about to befall me now I cannot tell, but hitherto each change has been an onward step. Onward, ever onward, is my destiny. This have I learned by past experience."

And so it happened one day that the whole bundle of paper was taken out of the barrel and laid upon the hearth, in order that it might be burned there, for it was thought a pity to sell it to the huckster for the purpose of wrapping up sugar and butter in its leaves. All the children in the house stood round about, because they wished to see the paper burning ; it flamed up magnificently, and afterward were seen countless red sparks darting hither and thither, and one after the other going out so swiftly—so swiftly. Then cried out one of the little ones : "Come and see the children out of school !" and the last spark was the schoolmaster. It often seemed as if the last one was extinguished, but instantly another spark would gleam out, and then came the cry : "There goes the schoolmaster again." Yes, they were quite well acquainted with him ; they only wished to know whither he went ! We shall come to know it, but they knew it not. All the old paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and quickly did it kindle. "Uh, uh !" said the burning paper, and flickered up into clear bright flame. "Uh, uh !" It was by no means pleasant thus to consume away ; but when the whole mass was lighted into one vast glowing flame it rose up so high into the air, higher

far than the tiny blue flower ever could have aspired to do, and shone as the fine white linen never could have pretended to do in its most glossy days. All the written letters became of a scarlet hue, and the words and thoughts rose upward amid the flames. "Now am I ascending toward the sun itself!" So thought the burning paper, and it seemed as though the words were repeated by a thousand voices in unison, while the roaring flame rushed through the chimney and soared upward into the blue vault of heaven; and, more beautiful than the flame, although invisible to human eyes, floated millions of airy atoms, countless as had been once the blue flax-flowers in the field. They were far lighter than the flame which had given them birth, and as this became extinct, and nothing remained of the white paper save the dull black ashes, then these fiery atoms danced fairy-like above them, and wherever they rested a moment, there did the red sparks gleam out brightly again, and then was the cry repeated, "Here are the children out of school, and there is the schoolmaster last of all!" That was fun indeed; and the children sang beside the dark dead ashes an old-fashioned rhyme; but the little airy invisible beings spoke in another strain, saying: "The song is by no means o'er, its sweetest part but just begins."

"I know it, and am, therefore still the happiest of beings."

The children, however, could neither hear nor understand that; neither was it to be expected of them, for children are not intended to know every thing.

THE THUNDER-STORM.—MRS. HEMANS.

DEEP, fiery clouds o'erspread the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air;
There is not e'en a breeze on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed, the waters rest,
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
Nor rose-tree in the bower ;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour

'Tis noon ; yet nature's calm profound
Seems as a midnight deep ;
But hark ! what peel of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep ?

The thunder bursts ! its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake ;
And, in terrific splendor bright,
The gathering lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child !
Though by the bolt's descent,
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high ?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions, free
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot, where he
Would not be with thee there !

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Mid the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns !

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast :
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
And be with Him at last ?

NIAGARA.—ISAAC McLELLAN.

'Tis pouring, 'tis pouring
With a wild eternal roar ;
Like a sea, that's burst its barriers
Resounding evermore :
Like an ocean lashed to fury,
And toiling to o'erwhelm
With its devastating billows
The earth's extended realm.

It falleth, still it falleth
A deluge o'er the rocks ;
It calleth, still it calleth,
With tones like earthquake's shocks :
Forever and forever,
It sounds its mighty hymn ;
Like a thousand anthems pealing
In some cathedral dim.

The dark pines shrink and tremble
As o'er the abyss they lean,
And falling are ingulfed like reeds
With all their branches green ;
And oaks from northern mountains,
O'erwhelmed by some fierce blast,
Are rent like autumn flowerets,
In that vast caldron cast.

A thousand years ago the tribes
In wonder trod its side :
Those tribes have vanished, but the fall
Still pours as full a tide ;
A thousand more may pass away—
A future race of men
May view the awful cataract
Unchanged dash down its glen.

How passing vain doth mortal pride
Beside this torrent seem !
An army doth not march to war
With half its sound and gleam ;
While o'er it, like a banner,
The rainbow spreads its fold,
Colored with prisms glories
Of purple and of gold.

The wild deer of the forest
At the river stoop to drink,
But from the rush of waters
All panic-stricken shrink ;
And the mountain eagles sailing
O'er the cataract's foaming brim,
Alarmed, on soaring pinions,
Away, o'er Heaven's clouds skim.

Oh ! who that views the wonders
Of Nature o'er the earth ;
The high o'erhanging mountains
Where thunders have their birth :
And this eternal torrent,
Majestically grand—
Can doubt the Spirit's presence,
And a Creating Hand ?

ODE TO MORN.—GRAY.

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With crimson cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high,
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

MY FIRST LESSON.—MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A TRUE STORY.

ABBY PUNDERSON—yes, that was the name of my first schoolmistress. She was one of the stiffest, nicest and most thoroughly prim old maids that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school-house, in "Shrub-oak," half a mile back of Falls Hill. I like to be particular in the geography, though I had never opened an atlas in my life when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

I see her now, sitting so very upright in her high-backed chair—solemnly opening the blue paper covers of Webster, and calling me by name—I see the sharp-pointed scissors lifted from the chain at her side—I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the wooden covers of that new spelling-book—yes, I feel myself dropping that bashful little courtesy and blushing under those solemn gray eyes, as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read. I remember it all—she had on a brown calico dress; her hair was parted plainly and done up in a French twist behind; there was a good deal of gray in that black hair, and around her prim mouth any quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet; she was stiff, but not cross, and the little girls loved her in a degree, though she did give them long stretches of hemming, and over-seams to sew.

My first schoolmistress came from some neighboring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, but wore the nicest little Methodist bonnet, made of silver-gray satin without a bow or bit of lace—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, dinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when she went to prayer-meeting.

The school-house stood on the bank of a small stream which turned a saw-mill just above; it was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows. Some forty feet of meadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble pear-tree full of golden fruit, flung its shadow over the school-house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell-pears were cruelly tantalizing as they grew and ripened amid the green leaves; but when they came rushing down from the boughs and fell in the grass directly under us, so plump and mellow, it was really too much for human nature.

But Miss Punderson was strict; she read the golden rule every Monday, and kneeling at her high-backed chair,

prayed for us diligently night and morning all the week, while we stood mutely around. Indeed, her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at the pears when they fell; the idea of touching them never entered our hearts.

But one thing troubled us very much; just as the fruit grew ripest, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner-basket and hymn-book and cross into the meadow back of the school-house, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down toward the mill stream. Dan Haines, who was sitting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling-book "That the mistress would be after that 'ere pear about noon time."

Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself—greedy old thing! We began to feel very angry and ill used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? they did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the saw-mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables just in sight, was the only person who had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

When the recess came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner-basket, and, getting over the fence, went toward the hemlock bank. Once she stooped as if to tie her shoe.

"See, see!" whispered Dan, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. "She's making believe to tie her shoe: oh, the old maid is cute!—I told you so! Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!" Dan climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

Dan went before, treading very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his pocket. But Dan looked straight forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

Dan went back in high dudgeon, trying to cover his pocket with one hand.

I think Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, but that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank.

"Come, come," whispered Mary Bell; "let's see if she has really got it."

We crept forward very softly and looked over into the stream. It had a dry pebbly shore, broken with a few moss-covered stones, all in deep shadow—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistress, with her hymn-book open, singing. Her voice was soft and clear, and joined in with the murmurs of the stream, solemn and sweet.

The old maid sung her little hymn, closed the book, and, casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by the mossy stone, which had been her seat, and began to pray.

The mistress was alone with her God; she had only very simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnestness brought the tears into our eyes.

Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side at prayer. She besought God with such meek earnestness to touch our hearts and bring us humbly to his feet, kneeling, as she did, for a blessing or in thankfulness. She told the Lord, as if he had been her only father, how good and bright and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself, and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I

crept away from the bank, crying softly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

Dan Haines was sitting in a crook of the fence, eating something very greedily ; but we avoided him, and went into the school-house quite heart-broken at our own naughtiness.

After a little the mistress came in looking serene and thoughtful, as if she had been comforted by some good friend.

Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking at me wistfully over her spelling-book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell ; she was trembling a little ; the color came and went on her face. My heart beat quick, I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart. We both rose, hand in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears ; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to God for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head and then upon the other.

She called down blessings upon us, she poured forth her whole soul eloquently as she had done under the hemlock boughs.

I have heard burning prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mistress down to the mill stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that God himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Dan Haines appeared to have done it.

Wicked instruments were often used to work out good. God had answered her prayer and it was enough. She only hoped we would not be ashamed of having knelt by our lonely schoolmistress.

Ashamed ! For the first time in our lives, we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul ! she hardly knew how to take it ; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

SABBATH EVENING.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
Yet twilight lingers still ;
And beautiful as dream of Heaven
It slumbers on the hill ;
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
Around their holy shrine ;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So calm and still, their music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.
And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to fancy's eye.

Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating by,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion—deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring and wakes
A gush of music there !
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild ;
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled !
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels from the heart ;
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

TWILIGHT.—LONGFELLOW.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

POOR LITTLE LUCY.—MRS. HOFLAND.

EVERY body in the village of Shepperton rejoiced when Benjamin Burridge, the blacksmith, had a legacy left him by a distant relation, for he was a man whom every body loved and respected. Of late they had also pitied him, for he was a severe sufferer from a complaint in his eyes, contracted in consequence of his business, and which threatened blindness; it therefore was, in his case, an extraordinary comfort to receive such a sum as would put him in the way of helping himself and family by some other mode of employment.

After many consultations with his friends, and a good gentleman who took an interest in his proceedings, it was at length thought advisable that Benjamin should take a toll-bar which was to be let, near one of the bridges in the neighborhood of London. In order to effect this, it was necessary that some one should be bound for the year's rent, who was known to possess property sufficient to cover the possible loss. The poor man was able to furnish half the sum required himself, and the gentleman alluded to was willing to be bound for the other; for he had long observed the strict probity and unremitting industry of this worthy man, and was glad of an opportunity of benefiting one so deserving and so painfully situated.

The family consisted of Benjamin, his wife, three little sons, and a daughter named Lucy. Betwixt these boys and their sister there had been two other children who had died; so that although she was still a child, in her eleventh year only, she was considerably older than the little boys, and a person of great importance in their eyes; for she was continually performing for them some kind office or other, with that cheerful good-will and ready kindness which increase tenfold the value of the service they confer. Time had been, when her lightsome step, gay voice, and smiling countenance promised her the title of "lively little Lucy;" but, as she

was a child of great sensibility, and possessed a solidity of understanding beyond her years, her sympathy in the sufferings of her father and the apprehensions of her mother, had so far of late changed her character, that she, too, had become an object of compassion, and was generally recognized as "poor little Lucy."

But now, all was again happiness and gratitude in the party who took possession of their new habitation, and looked forward to a humble but quiet home for many years to come. The house was small, but had a little garden beside, which was a great treat to the boys and a new stimulant to Lucy's industry. The noble Thames, and the pleasure-vessels on its smooth bosom, the handsome equipages that passed over what she called "their own bridge," and the beautiful ladies and children which she saw through the windows, were objects of great pleasure to the little girl; but far greater was the thankfulness she felt to God for placing her father in a state of comparative ease; and tears of joy would spring into her eyes when she looked in his, and remembered that the sparks of the smithy would never more afflict those tender organs—that the heat of the fire would never more annoy him, nor the kicks of horses alarm her for his safety.

Under these happy auspices all the family recovered their spirits; and Benjamin himself, who had naturally suffered the most, grew hearty and chatty once more. He was a sober, civil, and religiously-disposed man; with a great taste for reading, it was painful to deny himself indulging; but when Lucy could be spared from her multifarious employments, and take a book to read to him, he was happy indeed; and as she sat by him in the summer evenings, many of those who passed his bar, were struck by the look of contentment expressed in their faces, and the neatness and propriety of every thing around them.

A neighbor, who was himself a blacksmith, would sometimes join them, and enter into conversation on the news of the day, or more frequently on subjects connected with his

own business, which Benjamin Burridge found more interesting because he understood it well. The visitant was a lively, pleasant man, and frequently brought Lucy flowers or apples from his garden, which she hastened into the house to distribute; but if this was not the case, he would (with an air of great consideration) tell her to take that opportunity of getting on with her work, as he was come on purpose to have a gossip with her father.

Lucy was never idle, and she had, of course, plenty of work; there were the boys to put to bed, their stockings to mend, the supper to get forward, the garden to weed, her mother's errands to go, and her mother's wishes to attend to. She flew from place to place like the industrious bee; and if she did not, like that wonderful insect, gather honey wherever she alighted, it is certain she left marks of her attention—for whose table and fire-irons were so bright as Dame Burridge's? whose children had such clean faces and collars? whose hearth was so tidy, whose caps so white? and Lucy had a hand in every thing.

But, alas! the natural rewards of industry and obedience were too soon denied to the child who merited them so well; for it was found that her father had entered on a speculation that would not answer. The first quarter it had indeed done well; but the second became so deficient in receipts, that he found too clearly that it would not nearly pay the rent, and that if he continued much longer, not only would his own little property be swallowed up, but that for which his benefactor was so kindly but unfortunately bound.

This sad news he communicated to the gentleman, who took an opportunity of coming over to the place where Burridge lived, and inquiring into all the particulars. He was much shocked to observe the utter dejection into which the poor man had fallen, and the poverty which pervaded their humble dwelling; for such a salutary horror of debt had the honest man always entertained, that he submitted to the poorest fare on which they could subsist, to avoid it.

He told of all his receipts from day to day, his utter incapability of paying his rent, and the circumstance of his being bound yet for a long time to his situation, with the most touching anguish; adding, "that his affliction was the greater, because his neighbors insisted upon it, that the same number of people went through the bar as formerly, and the last occupant had held it on the same terms, and did very well with it."

The gentleman feared that, as his sight was weak, some people were wicked enough to take advantage of him and go through without paying; but this Burridge would not allow: he said, "that although fretting was not the way to mend sore eyes, his were, on the whole, better; that he was always on the spot the day through, and in the evenings, Lucy was on the look-out as well as himself, and she was clear-sighted enough for any thing."

The gentleman examined his till, which was a portable one, and fixed on the side of the chair in which he usually sat under a porch at the door. There were two places in it for receiving half-pence and silver, which could not be taken out without unlocking the bottom, the key of which was kept by his wife. It was, therefore, plain that he could only be robbed by the whole apparatus being taken away together. It was always carried every night into the bedroom where he slept.

"And you have no person who visits you that could by possibility get to it?"

"No, sir; for my wife hides it so that even Lucy does not know where it is; nor have we any neighbors here, save the blacksmith, who, now and then, when his work is over, comes and leans on the bar to chat awhile—a good creature he is, and well knows all my trouble. I really do think, if I had not him to speak to, my very heart would break."

"Nevertheless, I would have you be careful of even him; money cannot go without hands, and I will never believe that so busy a road as this is, does not produce more than your security; let your children watch."

Lucy felt as if the latter piece of advice could only apply to her, and she resolved to fulfil her duty so far as she was able. Naturally very artless and sincere, and brought up by parents too honest themselves to suspect others, no fear of treachery had entered their minds; and, although they knew themselves amenable to robbery, they had no idea of fraud. Indeed, the poor woman was more inclined to attribute their misfortunes to some unknown cause, than to the wickedness of her fellow-creatures; she talked of the influence of "evil eyes," of "witchcraft and ill-luck;" and her husband was obliged to remind her that such folly was unworthy of her as a Christian, and unwise as a mother.

But the time came when his own spirits sunk so entirely that he could neither reason nor reprove; his mind grew bewildered, and his memory played him false, for he would insist on having given change for sixpences and shillings, not one of which was found in the till, which was yet constantly under his own care. Day by day his little substance was wasting, yet his family were only half fed and scantily clothed; and at length the receipts became so trifling that he determined to seek work of some kind to provide his little ones with bread.

As he lived in a place abounding with market-gardeners, it was not long before he gained employment, though in the lowest capacity, and for the poorest wages; and bitterly did his wife and daughter weep when he set out, for they feared that exposure to the weather might subject him to many complaints incident to those who, after working in the fire, are compelled to bear cold and wet. Lucy took his place at the toll-bar, and was so far successful, that much more money was found in the till than had been for many days—a circumstance the poor man mentioned with exultation to his friend the blacksmith, when he came in the evening to see how his new labor agreed with him.

"Lucy is a good girl, and handy enough," replied James Willis, the neighbor; "but as the spring advances she will be quite unable to do the work, poor thing!"

"My mother will help me," said Lucy, eagerly, for she was made happy by her success.

"So will I help you, my dear, for my business is not over good, and I can come often during the busy part of the day, as I see what is stirring from my own workshop." Lucy could not help feeling very sorry, for the words of her father's best friend rose to her mind, and something like suspicion followed. She remembered how often she had been sent from the door by this man, about sunset, when her father's sight was always deficient; and although in general he was very smooth-tongued, he had once or twice spoken to her very roughly, for only saying that there was a spider on the till, and wishing to wipe it off.

"He called me a fool for talking of such a thing, and said I was as blind as my poor father," said Lucy, as the time recurred to her memory; "now, surely, if my eyes deceived me, I was to be pitied, and if not, I might have just wiped the till to please myself; besides, spiders do weave in the night, and one might have done it then over the slit in the till; and in the fields a thousand slender lines are to be seen, made either by the frost or by insects, and no one is called a fool for observing them. I will look every morning and see if there are any lines in the same place again."

Lucy did so look, but she found none; her father, however, continued several days to find what was better, the same general receipts he had first experienced; but he was rendered so very weak and rheumatic by his present occupation, that even this failed to raise his spirits; and, in another day or two, the hopes of poor Lucy were again dashed to the ground, from finding that although a very unusual number of persons had passed, in consequence of a grand entertainment in the neighborhood, she had taken less money than she did the day before. In vain she called on James Willis, who had been with her, to recollect the shillings and half-crowns he had handed to her himself; he could remember nothing, except "that most of the carriages were made free by other bars, and on the whole, little was taken.

The next morning, poor little Lucy took her seat with such a disconsolate air that she attracted the attention of a gentleman on horseback, who, as he paid the toll, inquired with a compassionate air, "if she had been so unhappy as to lose her father."

"Oh! no, sir, thank God, my dear father is alive, but—but I fear he is ruined."

The traveller was not in such a hurry but he could listen to little Lucy's sad story, though her tears made many interruptions to her narrative; at length, however, he observed, "that he should return to town, and would make further inquiries in the evening; indeed, he would converse with her father on the subject."

When he was gone, Lucy wondered at her own courage in so long detaining one whom she considered to be "a very grand gentleman;" nevertheless, she felt her heart consoled by the belief that she had in some measure procured a friend for her dear father, and she would have stepped in to tell her mother what had passed, but was hindered by a succession of passengers, until the good woman set out to carry her husband's dinner.

It was a sharp evening in April, and the air was frosty, as James Willis observed, when he sauntered as usual toward her. Lucy was knitting when he came up, and had not observed him till he spoke; but on turning her head to answer, she caught the glistening of what she again thought was a spider's web in the till. She might perhaps have shown it to him, but two carriages were approaching, and she opened the gate. Soon after, came three or four gigs in succession, then a britscha, followed by a party on horseback. Lucy had a little pocket full of half-pence in her apron, and she gave change over and over, but took care to put the silver into the till herself; just as she was dropping in the last sixpence she had received, the horseman who gave it to her inquired for a blacksmith, as his horse had lost a shoe.

"James, you are wanted immediately," said Lucy; "pray don't let me hinder you."

James seemed very loath to go; but the gentleman was urgent, and they departed together. Lucy recollected the web on the till, and said, "Now I will take it off, if, indeed, the silver I put in has not done it." In saying this, she put her little finger, which was very small, into the slip, and, to her great astonishment, perceived that it rubbed against the edge of a half-crown which she had given change for.

Lucy was too well acquainted with the form of the till not to know that some extraneous substance had been introduced, or the silver could not have been stopped in its course. "It is the web, the spider's web," she cried, not knowing what she said, and trembling like an aspen leaf; for the discovery of another's guilt was dreadful. She looked wildly round, fearing the return of James Willis, in her terror forgetting his engagement; but to her unspeakable relief, beheld her morning's friend advancing over the bridge.

"Oh! sir," she cried, "surely you are sent to me by God himself—I have found it out—yes! no! but *you* can find it; there is something in the till that stops the silver—it is that which ruins poor father."

The gentleman, dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, and went into the house with Lucy, and by the aid of a hook on his watch-chain, dislodged a wire net, capable of holding eight or ten shillings, and of being drawn out with the utmost facility by a proper instrument; he could readily conceive how easily a man half-blind might be so induced to turn his sight from sunshine or shade, as to facilitate the views of a cool, watchful villain; and Lucy's account of her own unconsciousness of James Willis's approach until he spoke, showed fully his usual habits.

As the gentleman carefully replaced the net as he had found it, Lucy could not forbear to suggest that it would be better to destroy it altogether.

"Not so, Lucy—this must be taken away by the same hand which has robbed you so long. It is not enough that you suspect the blacksmith; I must have you convict him.

Collect yourself, and tell me if you know where a constable lives."

"The master of the Star public-house is one, I think."

The gentleman went out and spoke to his servant; he then mounted, and rode another way; and before poor Lucy knew what she was about, James Willis was seen coming toward her, and her father and mother also approaching the house at a little distance behind him. Forgetting every thing but the great discovery, which alone filled her heart, yet sensible that it must be told to them in secret, the poor child flew toward them, and, of course, the crafty villain who had so long preyed upon them like a vampire, sucking the very life-blood from their honest hearts, pounced easily upon his evening prey, and became possessed of various coins, all of which had been carefully marked by the wise and benevolent man who had entered so kindly into the affairs of Lucy and her parents.

Scarcely had he contrived to pocket the silver and hide the medium by which he had ingeniously, though wickedly, obtained it, when the constable arrived, and he was seized, to the utter astonishment of poor Burridge, with the proofs of his guilt upon him—proofs also, that but for him, the long-afflicted family might have lived in peace and plenty.

The former friend of the toll-keeper united with Lucy's friend to render his circumstances comfortable, and to see justice executed on the cruel miscreant who had wronged him, and whose fate could excite no pity from any one, since he had the means of living honestly and respectably in his hands, and had witnessed the sinking hearts and pale faces of his neighbors, and heard their sad lamentations, day by day, unmoved; and his cruelty was even more hateful than his dishonesty. He was sentenced to be transported for life; poor little Lucy being necessarily the principal witness against him, and giving her important information with so much modesty and good feeling as to elicit the approbation of the judge upon the bench.

With relief to their anxious hearts and increase of their

humble comforts, health and happiness were soon restored to Benjamin Burridge and his family ; and their past misfortunes having interested many persons and displayed the probity and industry for which they were remarkable, as time advanced, their sons were apprenticed advantageously, and are now advancing in life with the happiest prospects.

Their good and active daughter continues with them, the delight of their eyes and the comfort of their hearts ; for neither parent could bear to part with her, who happily is no longer their poor little Lucy.

THE WEAVER.—MRS. JUDSON.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A-flinging his shuttle fast ;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web were bedded ;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours :
Not yet were Time's feet leaded !

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell ;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
For thought hath a wearisome spell !

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray ;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray ;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly-woven thread ;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,
Sighs, and down-crushed hopes, and fears ;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin,
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh ;
And, with glozing words, he to win him strove—
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on— !
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head ;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Lay him down among the dead.

And I after saw, in a *robe of light*,
The weaver in the sky ;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, mid the folds, all the iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung;
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the foot-prints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky
Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.

And then I prayed, "When my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven!"

RURAL THINGS.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE wild-bee o'er the prairie,
Sought honey for the hive—
The stream came leaping from the rock
As though it were alive.

Though the solemn mountain frowning
Beheld its devious way,
And like a Mentor old and stern
Reproved the thoughtless play.

The crimson oriole hovered
Like a lover through the glade,
And paid his homage to the flowers
In beauty's robes arrayed.

Yet lightly there before him
The humming-bird would rove,
While bud and bell with rapture thrilled
To meet his kiss of love.

The beetle and the butterfly
Met on their glittering track;
The snail moved onward slow and sure,
His house upon his back.

And life to all was beautiful,
As like the jewelled ray,
They gleamed in nature's joyous path
On that bright summer's day.

Oh frail and wingéd creatures!
That vanish in an hour,
Are ye not monitors to us,
In all our pomp and power?

Mid all our boasted learning,
Mid all our pride of sway,
Be pitiful and teach us
Ere ye shall pass away,

How to be simply happy
Here in a world so fair,
And with the confidence of trust
Accept our Father's care.

THE SEA.—BRYAN W. PROCTOR.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;

It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

MARTHA AND MARY.—MARY HOWITT.

It was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigor, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families in the mean time, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a staid and respectable couple belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, at which that apostle-like young man, Edward Burrough, was to preach, leaving their little daughter, Martha, under the care of an aged woman, who was, at that time, their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age; her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution, had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow, and as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property. She had heard them talk over the grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted brethren—persecuted even to the death; had heard of little children enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains, which would overcome even the strong man; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields—a pleasant, quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest time, and in the course of the morning the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way. She had not been long alone before a beggar-woman

presented herself with a young child in her arms. Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress in whatever shape it presented itself, and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy, and when the child in the woman's arms wept, like Pharaoh's daughter, her heart yearned toward it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her, and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal. All her little hoard of money was produced—the bargain was struck, and the two parted, perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful as the Hebrew boy himself; and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep; and as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind, that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge unknown to her parents—that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste, and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways, was she to be seen; and then, with that sentiment, which, from the time of the first error in Paradise, has become a part of our human nature, she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable, warm bed, with a blanket, in a large press, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing that she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all of which time the child slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned. The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business,

employed herself in preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Walter Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burrough's extraordinary sermon, and of the concourse to whom it was addressed—they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew suddenly pale; but her parents were not observing her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads toward the part of the house whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard; and again they paused. "Surely," said the wife, "that is the voice of a young child."

The critical moment was now come—concealment was no longer possible; and Martha's affection mastering her fear, as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and exclaimed: "Yes, yes, it is my child!" and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

Mrs. Pixley was soon at her daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. They were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependent, and one especially who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times, when they could not even insure security for themselves; and, besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance might be made, in some way or other, a cause of offence or of persecution? for the world looked

with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Father Pixley, therefore soon determined what he had to do in the affair—to make the circumstances known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information; such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that his worship very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially "he would not with a Quaker." Walter, however, was not easily to be put by; he felt his business was important, and by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and in the end threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too woefully the horror of that dungeon to bring upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking for help at the hands of the justice; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

Against the will, therefore, of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it as their little daughter had done from the first beholding it. "For who knows," argued the good Walter Pixley, "but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil, for our teaching and bringing up? Let us not gainsay or counter-

act the ways of Providence." This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof, she might be about six months old—a child of uncommon beauty; nor as the months advanced into years was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was, in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder sister, as Martha was now considered; she was bold and full of mirth; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her; and as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger years matured into fixed principle, she embraced with a firm mind the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood, but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sakes; still, their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member of the family, by carolling forth "profane songs," as Mrs. Pixley called them; while how she became acquainted with them remained forever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of father Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being, who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother, meantime, strove

to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue what her friends called "her airy imagination," and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do—the true character burst forth through all—Mary was again all wit and laughter, and, though her friends reproved, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II., which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other Friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessaries of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself in their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailer, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low that in a few days her life was despaired of; still, no medical aid could be procured, and the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were given up to furnish covering for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a

burst of uncontrollable indignation ; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a laborer, she hurried to the justice's ; and, as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The justice stared, as if doubting his senses, and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the justice grew angry, and at length the full violence of his temper broke forth, and the high-spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done ? She ordered her old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren. Little children, too, there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailer, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailer, and was admitted, her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favor, as at the house of the justice. But here again her errand debarred her further access ; the jailer would neither allow her to see her friends nor would he convey a message to them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and

from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls, but she did not; she retorted upon the jailer the severity of his manner, and, bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her, and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailer laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her to do her worst. .

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that William Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II., to bestow on him that tract of land, called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to represent to the king the deplorable sufferings of the Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison? And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. "If," she said, "he would not accompany her, she would go alone." She bade him, therefore, to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment, to prepare for the journey.

"Of a surety," said the old man to himself, "she is a wilful young thing."

In the morning, however, she found not only her horse prepared, but the old man and his also; for, wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and, though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, "he would," he said, "go with her to the end of the world."

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered the lives of her friends were at stake. She was, therefore, sufficiently supplied with money for their journey.

For this time the wild gayety of Mary's spirits was gone, but, instead, was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant, journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where William Penn had his temporary residence, and, without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had overrated his influence with the king. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon herself and her kind hostess, the overstrained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. The fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive as in the high-minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt but that all

would be well; and, with her heart comforted, assured, and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the king, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and receive from his own hands the order for their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Guilelma Penn, who surveyed her beautiful face and figure with admiration, and then kissed her and blessed her, as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaning upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies, assembled for the occasion, into the presence of his majesty. Mary's heart beat violently, as her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to his sovereign, who graciously bade her speak her wishes without fear. Reassured by the kindness, of the king's manner, almost forgetting the presence in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the justice and the jailer; and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released, that the king turned aside to wipe away a tear before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The king himself put into her hands the order for their release, and then, praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very

kindly, passed out of the presence-chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the king, but the rest, closing around the almost terrified maiden, overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologized for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and, together with that, a dismissal from his office for the jailer. Rest was now absolutely necessary for Mary, after those extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his roof, and then conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys here came to an end, for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder, on his return, and became noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there. Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I myself, several years ago, was possessed of a piece of needle-work said to have been of her doing.

THE TOWN CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,

Lulled in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods in June;
I sing of thee; 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp;
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines;
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run;
A maypole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;

Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare ;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawked clamorous all the city round ;
No roses, twinborn, on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring ;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing sake. 'Twas sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet !
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles ;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning-cloak ;
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind ;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone ;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels ;

And commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run.
While, flushed with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There naught can sail but what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

THE CORAL GROVE.—PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine;
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter;

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

SHELLS.—WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

FAR out at sea a tiny boat
Has set its tiny sail,
And swiftly see it onward float,
As freshens still the gale.
A rainbow in it must have slept,
To lend it tints so fair;
Or loveliest angel o'er it wept—
A pearl in every tear.
Fairer than pen of mine can tell
Sails on that fearless tiny shell.

Deep in the chambers of the sea,
Where storied mermaids dwell,
A palace stood; and seemed to me,
Its every stone a shell;

And oh, what glorious hues were they
That sparkled on my eyes,
Of blue and gold, and red and gray,
Like tints of western skies!
As violets sweet in loveliest dells,
So blushed unseen those beauteous shells.

Thus, on the sea, and 'neath its waves
Those tinctured sea-gems lie,
Like tombstones set to mark the graves
Of low-born men and high;
And when they rest upon the shore,
In wealth's luxuriant ease,
They sound to us the solemn roar
They learned beneath the seas—
As exiles, though afar they roam,
Still sing the songs they learned at home.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston, who was known among his school-fellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the old South Church.

Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell you a number of amusing anecdotes about him. You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of the WHISTLE, and how he bought it with a whole pocketful of coppers,

and afterward repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience; for it was one of his peculiarities, that no incident ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson. Thus he generally profited more by his misfortunes, than many people do by the most favorable events that could befall them.

Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen, and other people of note, often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity, and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap, and making tallow-candles.

While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word. Indeed, his features were so full of intelligence, that there could be but little doubt, not only that he understood what was said, but that he could have expressed some very sagacious opinions out of his own mind. But, in those days, boys were expected to be silent in the presence of their elders. However, Ben Franklin was looked upon as a very promising lad, who would talk and act wisely by and by.

"Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college and make a minister of him."

"I have often thought of it," his father would reply; "and my brother Benjamin promises to give him a great many volumes of manuscript sermons in case he should be educated for the church. But I have a large family to support, and cannot afford the expense."

In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then

employed in cutting candlewicks into equal lengths, and filling the moulds with tallow ; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make. Thus, you see, in his early days as well as in his manhood his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former school-fellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill-pond, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tom-cod, which came up thither with the tide. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and vehicles of all kinds. But, at that period, it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead, and salt-meadow grass grew underfoot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand, while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience, without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water-side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air :

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme, which will be greatly for our benefit, and for the public benefit!"

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little chap—this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy—talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were

ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises, ever since he had been old enough to wear small-clothes.

They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill-pond by lying flat on his back, in the water, and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do any thing.

"What is your scheme, Ben?—what is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones, which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder—over shoes and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and water. See! I am bedaubed to the knees of my small clothes, and you are all in the same pickle. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing-business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!"

"That it would!—that it would!" said his comrades, sorrowfully.

"Now I propose," continued Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones, and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort, and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a

hundred, or a thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads?—shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it!"

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot, that evening, and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of, proved so heavy, that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius, he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen, if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged, he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the water-side, Ben Franklin was the engineer, to superintend the construction of the wharf.

The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers, and go home to bed. To-morrow, we may catch fish at our ease!" "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air!"

"More likely they have been stolen!" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master-mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes, and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path toward the water-side.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys! they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with!"

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly, and with such admirable skill, had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water, and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their busi-

ness pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

But the master-mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. He was one of those unreasonable people who care a great deal more for their own rights and privileges than for the convenience of all the rest of the world.

"Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators of the theft. In the course of the day warrants were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons, who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master-mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and moreover was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

But when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was worn to the stump, on that unlucky night.

As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation. Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly upright one. He had read much, for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world, until he had gained more wisdom than a whole library of books could have taught him. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity, as of his practical sense and deep views of things.

Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation of mind.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached, and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

"Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody will enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owners of the stones."

"How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

"Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake, than to violate what is eternally right, for the sake of a seeming expediency. Those who act upon such a principle, do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world."

"Heaven forbid!" said Benjamin.

"No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally, which involves injustice to any individual. It would be easy to prove this by examples. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining a right end? It is impious to think so! And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth—

that evil can produce only evil—that good ends must be wrought out by good means.”

“I will never forget it again,” said Benjamin, bowing his head.

“Remember,” concluded his father, “that whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity it will be found so.”

To the close of his life, Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose, that in most of his public and private career, he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

After the great event of building the wharf, Ben continued to cut wick-yarn and fill candle-moulds for about two years. But as he had no love for that occupation, his father often took him to see various artisans at their work, in order to discover what trade he would prefer. Thus Ben learned the use of a great many tools, the knowledge of which afterward proved very useful to him. But he seemed much inclined to go to sea. In order to keep him at home, and likewise to gratify his taste for letters, the lad was bound apprentice to his elder brother, who had lately set up a printing-office in Boston.

Here he had many opportunities of reading new books, and of hearing instructive conversation. He exercised himself so successfully in writing composition, that, when no more than thirteen or fourteen years old, he became a contributor to his brother's newspaper. Ben was also a versifier, if not a poet. He made two doleful ballads; one about the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake, and the other about the pirate Black Beard, who, not long before, infested the American seas.

When Ben's verses were printed, his brother sent him to sell them to the town's-people, wet from the press. “Buy my ballads!” shouted Benjamin, as he trudged through the streets, with a basketful on his arm. “Who'll buy a ballad

about Black Beard? A penny a piece! a penny a piece! who'll buy my ballads?"

If one of those roughly composed and rudely printed ballads could be discovered now, it would be worth more than its weight in gold.

In this way our friend Benjamin spent his boyhood and youth, until, on account of some disagreement with his brother, he left his native town and went to Philadelphia. He landed in the latter city a homeless and hungry young man, and bought threepence worth of bread to satisfy his appetite. Not knowing where else to go, he entered a Quaker meeting-house, sat down, and fell fast asleep. He has not told us whether his slumbers were visited by any dreams. But it would have been a strange dream, indeed, and an incredible one, that should have foretold how great a man he was destined to become, and how much he would be honored in that very city where he was now friendless and unknown.

So here we finish our story of the childhood of Benjamin Franklin. One of these days, if you would know what he was in his manhood, you must read his own works, and the history of American independence.

THE WATER.—ELIZABETH OAKES-SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way;
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parched with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely, too,
The flow'ret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face :
It showers the tree till every leaf
Is free from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are stilled,
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down,
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look ;
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing on they go,
To dance beneath the willow-tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is !
It loves to come at night,
To make us wonder in the morn
To find the earth so bright—
To see a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowerets breathing on the air
Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is—
It loves the blossom's cup,
To nestle 'mid the odors there,
And fill the petals up;
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the smile
The floweret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkle there;
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur or delight,
And every heart is gladder made
When water greets the sight.

THE THISTLE-SEED.—MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

ON! on! as they bustled in blythesome speed,
The wild winds hurried a thistle-seed;
Now whirling it high o'er the oak's proud head,
Then wafting it down to the fern's low bed;
Now over the stream suspending their breath,
As if threatening it with a watery death;
Then blustering off, with a whirr and a sweep,
Till it dreaded a worse on the dry, bare steep;
But tired at last of their toy, they found
Another, and floated the seed to the ground.

Close by in the nook, where it chanced to drop,
A bee was robbing a clover top;—
The sweetest, because, she feared, the last,
For the season of flowers was almost past;

And sagely pausing, anon, to glance
At the white-winged thing in its wild advance;
Then, seeing it nestle all mute and meek,
She deemed it her part the first to speak.
"Fine times, good neighbor, have you," she said;
"To be frolicking thus through sun and shade!
Have you gathered already your winter's store?—
Or do you belong to a wretched race,
That lay up naught for the cold, dark days,
But, holding their lives by the summer's grace,
Die when her reign is o'er?"

Not a sound did it utter by way of reply,
So nearer she came and, with curious eye,
Ran over the form of the humble thing,
Then gave it a scornful brush with her wing;
"Tis even worse than I thought," said she;
"Too mean for a look from a wise, rich bee;
'Tis but the child of a worthless weed,
A still more worthless thistle-seed!"
And, spurning the ground on which it lay,
In high disdain she soared away.

The profitless winter through, the bee
Feasted at home right merrily;
And when spring came, with her treasure train,
As merrily went to work again.
But once, on her labors too intent,
Near an urchin rude her flight she bent,
Who, bounding up from his idling place,
After her followed in boisterous chase,
Over the crag, and over the brook,
Till she found herself in a shadowy nook,
Where, powerless with affright, she fell
On a clover tuft that she knew full well;
And the stir of the leaves that lay about,
Betrayed the step of the panting lout.
"Ho! ho! you're lodged, and now take that!"

He cried, and aiming his shapeless hat,
Forward he sprang, with a joyous hoot,
But was sadly pricked on the naked foot,
And, thinking no more of his cruel play,
Writhing and whimpering limped away;
And, lo! on the luckless spot, was seen
A strong young thistle, jagged and green!
"A lesson I've learned," said the contrite bee,
"Nothing to scorn of whatever degree,
Since a rescue has sprung in my hour of need,
From even that lowly thistle-seed!"

THE BEE-TREE—MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

It was on one of the lovely mornings of our ever lovely autumn, so early that the sun had scarcely touched the tops of the still verdant forest, that Silas Ashburn and his eldest son sallied forth for a day's chopping on the newly-purchased land of a rich settler, who had been but a few months among us. The tall form of the father, lean and gaunt as the very image of famine, derived little grace from the rags which streamed from the elbows of his almost sleeveless coat, or flapped round the tops of his heavy boots, as he strode across the long causeway that formed the communication from his house to the dry land. Poor Joe's costume showed, if possible, a still greater need of the aid of that useful implement, the needle. His mother is one who thinks little of the ancient proverb which commends the stitch in time; and the clothing under her care sometimes falls in pieces, seam by seam—for want of the occasional aid is rendered more especially necessary by the slightness of the original sewing; so that the brisk breeze of the morning gave the poor boy no faint resemblance to a tall young aspen,

"With all its leaves fast fluttering, all at once."

The little conversation which passed between the father

and son was such as necessarily makes up much of the talk of the poor—turning on the difficulties and disappointments of life, and the expedients by which there may seem some slight hope of eluding these disagreeables.

"If we hadn't had sich bad luck this summer," said Mr. Ashburn, "losing that heifer, and the pony, and them three hogs—all in that plaguy spring-hole, too—I thought to have bought that timbered forty of Dean. It would have squared out my farm jist about right."

"The pony didn't die in the spring-hole, father," said Joe.

"No, he did not, but he got his death there, for all. He never stopped shiverin' from the time he fell in. *You* thought he had the agur, but I know'd well enough what ailded him; but I wasn't a goin' to let Dean know, because he'd ha' thought himself so blam'd cunning, after all he'd said to me about that spring-hole. If the agur could kill, Joe, we'd all ha' been dead long ago."

Joe sighed—a sigh of assent. They walked on musingly.

"This is going to be a good job of Keene's," continued Mr. Ashburn, turning to a brighter theme, as they crossed the road and struck into the "timbered land," on their way to the scene of the day's operations. "He has bought three eighties, all lying close together, and he'll want as much as one forty cleared right off; and I've a good notion to take the fencin' of it as well as the choppin'. He's got plenty of money, and they say he don't shave quite so close as some. But I tell you, Joe, if I do take the job, you must turn to like a catamount, for I ain't a-goin' to make a nigger o' myself and let my children do nothing but eat."

"Well, father," responded Joe, whose pale face gave token of any thing but high living, "I'll do what I can; but you know I never work two days at choppin' but what I have the agur like sixty—and a fellur can't work when he's got the agur."

"Not while the fit's on, to be sure," said the father; "but I've worked many an afternoon after my fit was over,

when my head felt as big as a half-bushel, and my hands would ha' sizzed if I'd put 'em in water. Poor folks has got to work—but, Joe! if there is'n't bees, by golley! I wonder if any body's been a baitin' for 'em? Stop! hush! watch which way they go!"

And with breathless interest—forgetful of all troubles, past, present, and future—they paused to observe the capricious wheelings and flittings of the little cluster, as they tried every flower on which the sun shone, or returned again and again to such as suited best their discriminating taste. At length, after a weary while, one suddenly rose into the air with a loud whizz, and after balancing a moment on a level with the tree-tops, darted off, like a well-sent arrow, toward the east, followed instantly by the whole busy company, till not a loiterer remained.

"Well! if this isn't luck!" exclaimed Ashburn, exultingly; "they make right for Keene's land! We'll have 'em! go ahead, Joe, and keep your eye on 'em!"

Joe obeyed so well in both points, that he not only outran his father, but very soon turned a summerset over a gnarled root or *grub* which lay in his path. This *faux pas* nearly demolished one side of his face, and what remained of his jacket sleeve, while his father, not quite so heedless, escaped falling, but tore his boot almost off with what he called "a contwisted stub of the toe."

But these were trifling inconveniences, and only taught them to use a little more caution in their eagerness. They followed on unweariedly; crossed several fences, and threaded much of Mr. Keene's tract of forest-land, scanning, with practised eye, every decayed tree, whether standing or prostrate, until, at length, in the side of a gigantic but leafless oak, they espied, some forty feet from the ground, the "sweet home" of the immense swarm whose scouts had betrayed their hiding-place.

"The Indians have been here;" said Ashburn; "you see they've felled this saplin' agin the bee-tree, so as they could climb up to the hole; but the redskins have been disturbed

afore they had time to dig it out. If they'd had axes to cut down the big tree, they wouldn't have left a smitchin o' honey, they're such tarnal thieves!"

Mr. Ashburn's ideas of morality were much shocked at the thought of the dishonesty of the Indians, who, as is well known, have no rights of any kind; but considering himself as first finder, the lawful proprietor of this much-coveted treasure, gained, too, without the trouble of a protracted search, or the usual amount of baiting, and burning of honeycombs, he lost no time in taking possession after the established mode.

To cut his initials with his axe on the trunk of the bee-tree, and to make *blazes* on several of the trees he had passed, to serve as way-marks to the fortunate spot, detained him but a few minutes; and with many a cautious noting of the surrounding localities, and many a charge to Joe "not to say nothing to nobody," Silas turned his steps homeward, musing on the important fact that he had had good luck for once, and planning important business quite foreign to the day's chopping.

Now it so happened that Mr. Keene, who is a restless old gentleman, and, moreover, quite green in the dignity of a landholder, thought proper to turn his horse's head, for this particular morning ride, directly toward these same "three eighties," on which he had engaged Ashburn and his son to commence the important work of clearing. Mr. Keene is low of stature, rather globular in contour, and exceedingly parrot-nosed; wearing, moreover, a face red enough to lead one to suppose he had made his money as a dealer in claret; but, in truth, one of the kindest of men, in spite of a little quickness of temper. He is profoundly versed in the art and mystery of store-keeping, and as profoundly ignorant of all that must sooner or later be learned by every resident landowner of the western country.

Thus much being premised, we shall hardly wonder that our good old friend felt exceedingly aggrieved at meeting Silas Ashburn and the "lang-legged chiel," Joe (who has

grown longer with every shake of ague), on the way *from* his tract instead of *to* it.

"What in the world's the matter now?" began Mr. Keene, rather testily. "Are you never going to begin that work?"

"I don't know but I shall;" was the cool reply of Ashburn; "I can't begin it to-day, though."

"And why not, pray, when I've been so long waiting?"

"Because I've got something else that must be done first. You don't think your work is all the work there is in the world, do you?"

Mr. Keene was almost too angry to reply; but he made an effort to say, "When am I to expect you, then?"

"Why, I guess we'll come on in a day or two, and then I'll bring both the boys."

So saying, and not dreaming of having been guilty of an incivility, Mr. Ashburn passed on, intent only on his beech-tree.

Mr. Keene could not help looking after the ragged pair for a moment, and he muttered angrily as he turned away, "Aye! pride and beggary go together in this confounded new country! You feel very independent, no doubt, but I'll try if I can't find somebody that wants money."

And Mr. Keene's poney, as if sympathizing with his master's vexation, started off at a sharp, passionate trot, which he has learned, no doubt, under the habitual influence of the spicy temper of his rider.

To find laborers who wanted money, or who would own that they wanted it, was at that time no easy task. Our poorer neighbors have been so little accustomed to value household comforts, that the opportunity to obtain them presents but feeble incitement to that continuous industry which is usually expected of one who works in the employ of another. However, it happened in this case that Mr. Keene's star was in the ascendant, and the woods resounded, ere long, under the sturdy strokes of several choppers.

The Ashburns, in the mean time, set themselves busily at

work to make due preparations for the expedition which they had planned for the following night. They felt, as does every one who finds a bee-tree in this region, that the prize was their own—that nobody else had the slightest claim to its rich stores; yet the gathering in of the spoils was to be performed, according to the invariable custom where the country is much settled, in the silence of night and with every precaution of secrecy. This seems inconsistent, yet such is the fact.

The remainder of the “lucky” day and the whole of the succeeding one passed in scooping troughs for the reception of the honey—tedious work at best, but unusually so in this instance, because several of the family were prostrate with the ague. Ashburn’s anxiety lest some of his customary bad luck should intervene between discovery and possession, made him more impatient and harsh than usual; and the interior of that comfortless cabin would have presented, to a chance visitor who knew not of the golden hopes which cheered its inmates, an aspect of unmitigated wretchedness. Mrs. Ashburn sat almost in the fire, with a tattered hood on her head and the relics of a bed-quilt wrapped about her person; while the emaciated limbs of the baby on her lap—two years old, yet unweaned—seemed almost to reach the floor, so preternaturally were they lengthened by the stretches of a four months’ ague. Two of the boys lay in the trundle-bed, which was drawn as near to the fire as possible, and every spare article of clothing that the house afforded was thrown over them, in the vain attempt to warm their shivering frames. “Stop your whimperin’, can’t ye!” said Ashburn, as he hewed away with hatchet and jack-knife; “you’ll be hot enough before long.” And when the fever came his words were more than verified.

Two nights had passed before the preparations were completed. Ashburn and such of his boys as could work, had labored indefatigably at the troughs, and Mrs. Ashburn had thrown away the milk, and the few other stores which cumbered her small supply of household utensils, to free as

many as possible for the grand occasion. This third day had been "well day" to most of the invalids, and after the moon had risen to light them through the dense wood, the family set off in high spirits on their long, dewy walk. They had passed the causeway, and were turning from the highway into the skirts of the forest, when they were accosted by a stranger, a young man in a hunter's dress, evidently a traveller, and one who knew nothing of the place or its inhabitants, as Mr. Ashburn ascertained, to his entire satisfaction, by the usual number of queries. The stranger, a handsome youth of one or two and twenty, had that frank, joyous air which takes so well with us Wolverines; and after he had fully satisfied our bee-hunter's curiosity, he seemed disposed to ask some questions in his turn. One of the first of these related to the moving cause of the procession and their voluminous display of *containers*.

"Why, we're goin' straight to a bee-tree that I lit upon two or three days ago, and if you've a mind to, you may go 'long, and welcome. It's a real peeler, I tell ye! There's a hundred and fifty weight of honey in it, if there's a pound."

The young traveller waited no second invitation. His light knapsack was but small incumbrance, and he took upon himself the weight of several troughs, that seemed too heavy for the weaker members of the expedition. They walked on at a rapid and steady pace for a good half-hour, over paths which were none of the smoothest, and only here and there lighted by the moonbeams. The mother and children were but ill-fitted for the exertion, but Aladdin, on his midnight way to the wondrous vault of treasure, would as soon have thought of complaining of fatigue.

Who then shall describe the astonishment, the almost breathless rage of Silas Ashburn—the bitter disappointment of the rest—when they found, instead of the bee-tree, a great gap in the dense forest, and the bright moon shining on the shattered fragments of the immense oak that had contained their prize? The poor children, fainting with toil now that the stimulus was gone, threw themselves on

the ground; and Mrs. Ashburn, seating her wasted form on a huge branch, burst into tears.

"It's all one!" exclaimed Ashburn, when, at length, he could find words; "it's all alike! this is just my luck! It ain't none of my neighbors' work, though! They know better than to be so mean! It's the rich! Them that begrudges the poor man the breath of life!" And he cursed bitterly, and with clenched teeth, whoever had robbed him of his right.

"Don't cry, Betsey," he continued; "let's go home. I'll find out who has done this, and I'll let 'em know there's law for the poor man as well as the rich. Come along, young 'uns, and stop your blubberin', and let them splinters alone!" The poor little things were trying to gather up some of the fragments to which the honey still adhered, but their father was too angry to be kind.

"Was the tree on your own land?" now inquired the young stranger, who had stood by in sympathizing silence during this scene.

"No! but that don't make any difference. The man that found it first, and marked it, had a right to it afore the president of the United States, and that I'll let 'em know, if it costs me my farm. It's on old Keene's land, and I shouldn't wonder if the old miser had done it himself—but I'll let him know what's the law in *Michigan*!"

"Mr. Keene a miser!" exclaimed the young stranger, rather hastily.

"Why, what do *you* know about him?"

"Oh, nothing!—that is, nothing very particular—but I have heard him well spoken of. What I was going to say was, that I fear you will not find the law able to do any thing for you. If the tree was on another person's property——"

"Property! that's just so much as you know about it!" replied Ashburn, angrily. "I tell ye I know the law well enough, and I know the honey was mine—and old Keene shall know it too, if he's the man that stole it."

The stranger politely forbore further reply, and the whole party walked on in sad silence till they reached the village road, when the young stranger left them with a kindly "good night."

THE PRODIGAL SON.—BERNARD BARTON.

HE kneels amid the brutish herd,
But not in dumb despair ;
For passion's holiest depths are stirred,
And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness ;
For faith and hope supply,
In this dread hour of deep distress,
Their feelings pure and high.

While thus a suppliant he kneels,
" Cast down, but not destroyed,"
A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels
Than riot e'er enjoyed.

" I will arise," his looks declare,
" And seek my father's face :
His servants still have bread to spare ;
Be mine a servant's place."

And soon each penitential hope
For him shall be fulfilled ;
For him his father's arms shall ope,
The fatted calf be killed.

O penitence ! how strong thy spell,
O'er hearts by anguish riven !
Victorious over death and hell,
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,
" Repent ! and be forgiven !"

THE QUEEN OF MAY.—A. B. MEEK.

BRING flowers to crown the lovely queen !
Bring flowers from vale and hill—
Bring flowers from grove and garden green,
And from each sylvan rill !
For, oh ! it is a joyous time—
A bright and festal day—
And fairest flowers, in wreaths, should twine,
To crown the queen of May.

How gayly leaps the spirit forth,
On such a morn as this !
And sky, and wave, and smiling earth
Are redolent of bliss ;
Spring's sweetest honors spread around,
And balmy breezes play—
And many a glad and lively sound
Attends the queen of May.

From distant hill—from nearest grove,
The feathered minstrels sing
Their roundelays of bliss and love—
The symphony of spring ;
Their songs gush out with sweetest tone,
Upon this triumph day,
And gladly mingle with our own,
To hail the queen of May.

How brightly shine the day-god's beams !
How beautiful the sky,
How lovely glance the laughing streams,
In snow and silver, by ;
The bowers are waving fresh and green,
The flowers are fair and gay—
Though all are lovely, none are seen,
Fair as the queen of May.

Then pour the heart's glad music out,
In honor of the queen—
And hail, with many a joyous shout,
The enchantress of the scene;
Let flowers around her path be spread,
While we our homage pay,
And place this wreath upon her head,
Our own sweet queen of May.

THE YOUNG ARCHER.—KNOWLES

(FROM WILLIAM TELL.)

Scene.—Exterior of Tell's cottage.—Enter Albert (Tell's son) with bow and arrows, and Verner.

Verner. Ah! Albert! What have you there?

Albert. My bow and arrows, Verner.

Ver. When will you use them like your father, boy!

Alb. Some time, I hope.

Ver. You brag! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia can compare with him.

Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man,
I may be like him. Verner, do I brag,
To think I some time may be like my father?
If so, then is it he that teaches me;
For, ever as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more
Ere I become a man.

Ver. May you be such
A man as he—if heaven wills, better—I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me
If you are only such a man.

Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. (*Goes out to fix the mark.*)

Ver. Nestling as he is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing. (*Re-enter Albert.*)

Alb. Now, Verner, look! (*Shoots.*) There's within
An inch!

Ver. Oh fy! it wants a hand. (*Exit Verner.*)

Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it! (*While Albert continues to shoot, Tell enters and watches him some time, in silence.*)

Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!
Well aimed, young archer! With what ease he bends
The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day! What, Albert!

Alb. Ah!
My father!

Tell. You raise the bow
Too fast. (*Albert continues shooting.*)
Bring it slowly to the eye.—You've missed.
How often have you hit the mark to-day?

Alb. Not once, yet.

Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You wavered now. Stand firm. Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue, on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. (*Albert shoots.*) That's better!
See well the mark. Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there. (*Albert shoots.*)
You've missed again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said, the other day,

Were you a man you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart! (*Hits the mark.*) Well done,
my boy!

Come here. How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Tell. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labor joined can make me.

Tell. Well said, my boy! Kneelt you when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day.

Tell. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, father.

Tell. And in whose name?

Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.

Tell. That's right. Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things on earth; yea, life itself!—It is
To live, when these are gone, where they are naught—
With God! My son, remember that!

Alb. I will.

Tell. I'm glad you value what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which has all—who misses, nothing.

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Tell. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by. But go, Albert,
Reach thy cap and wallet, and thy mountain staff.
Don't keep me waiting (*Exit Albert.*)

(Tell paces the stage in thought. Re-enter Albert.)

Alb. I am ready, father.

Tell. (Taking Albert by the hand.) Now mark me, Albert!

Dost thou fear the snow,
The ice-field, or the hail flaw? Carest thou for
The mountain mist that settles on the peak,
When thou art upon it? Dost thou tremble at
The torrent roaring from the deep ravine,
Along whose shaking ledge thy track doth lie?
Or faintest thou at the thunder-clap, when on
The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,
And it doth burst around thee? Thou must travel
All night.

Alb. I'm ready; say all night again.

Tell. The mountains are to cross, for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.

Alb. Not sooner shall
The dawn be there than I.

Tell. Heaven speeding thee.

Alb. Heaven speeding me.

Tell. Show me thy staff. Art sure
Of the point? I think 'tis loose. No—stay! 'Twill do.
Caution is speed when danger's to be passed.
Examine well the crevice. Do not trust the snow!
'Tis well there is a moon to-night.
You're sure of the track?

Alb. Quite sure.

Tell. The buskin of
That leg's untied; stoop down and fasten it.
You know the point where you must round the cliff?

Alb. I do.

Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw it tight.
Erni is in Mount Faigel: take this dagger
And give it him; you know its caverns well.
In one of them you will find him. Farewell.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.—WILSON.

THIS celebrated and very extraordinary bird, in extent and variety of vocal powers, stands unrivalled by the whole feathered songsters of this or perhaps any other country; and shall receive from us all that attention and respect which superior merit is justly entitled to. The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of the dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is his strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour or an hour at

a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that, perhaps, are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quaverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown-thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing

of cocks; and the warblings of the bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens; amid the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kildeer, the blue-jay, martin, Baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular *concert* is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo; and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable medley.

It is rather a curious circumstance, characterizing, it would appear, the mocking-bird as well as our European birds, that the species distinguished for singing seldom learn to imitate human speech; while those which do not sing—such as the jay, the magpie, and the parrot, are well known as successful imitators.

THE STARS.—CATHERINE ANNE WARFIELD.

A REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

'Twas midnight, and we sailed upon the breast
Of the deep Mexican Gulf, and the warm winds
Drove the ship onward, like a winged thing.
The day had been of parching sultriness,
And now those breezes seemed a second life;
And on the deck of that broad, bounding ship,
I lay pillowed on my father's breast,
Drinking their pleasant breath.

The heavens above
Were gemmed with stars ; and on those sparkling orbs
Our eyes were fixed. My father spoke to me ;
He had a sweet, low voice, that ever stirred,
Even when most joyful, a vague sense of tears
Within my heart ; and now he sought to give
My first deep lesson in astronomy,
With heaven's vast page open before his gaze.
"Child ! you have looked for nearly seven years
Upon the heavens ; and I have marked,
That when your eyes are bent upon the stars,
You are, like those who have known wrong or pain,
Silent, as if with *haunting memories*.
Tell me thy thoughts of yonder burning band ?"
"Father, thou knowest God has hung those lamps
To light his palace, and I watch them ever,
To see if one *may burn away and die*.
Father, the other night I watched them long,
And I beheld three of those burning stars
Fall down upon the sea ; and then I knew
That God had flung them down because their light
Was feeble and unsteady. Then I saw
Three new ones lighted ; would that we were there,
In that great purple hall. At times I think
I hear the angels singing, when the winds
And seas are quiet ; and I lie awake,
Listening at night, and looking up to heaven !"

Such was my ignorance in those blessed years ;
Yet never since, when looking on the stars,
Though taught in that eventful night to know
That they were *mighty worlds*, hath my soul felt
The dreamy awe that made me mute with thoughts
Of majesty and wonder, when they seemed
Lamps, nightly kindled by the hand of God."

A CHOCTAW MELODY.—A. B. MEEK.

In a small grove of dog-wood trees,
Whose spring-time flowers perfumed the breeze,
By Pascagoula's tawny wave,
There was a little new-made grave.
And there above the humble mound
An Indian mother oft was found,
Who thus, in sad and frantic strains,
Wept o'er her first-born babe's remains.

“ Now cradled in the damp, cold ground,
My little warrior lies ;
Now he is bound with wampum round,
And shut his sparkling eyes :
Yet why, above his place of sleep—
Why should I weep ?

“ The little bird, when it is grown,
Must leave its native nest,
'Mid snares and foes to soar alone,
By want and care distrest ;
And oft the cruel hunter's dart
Will pierce its heart.

“ But thou, sweet one, hast shed no tears,
Nor felt the woes of life ;
Thy spirit, undisturbed by fears,
By anguish and by strife,
To golden groves hast soared above,
Bird of my love !

“ Ah ! hadst thou only staid below,
What grace and strength were thine ;
To chase the deer, to bend the bow,
To draw the fisher's line,
Or bravely in the battle-field
The club to wield !

"Yet why should I lament thy doom?
The bud that in the spring-time dies,
Bears all its bloom and sweet perfume
To spirits in the skies!
A heavenly blossom now thou art,
Bud of my heart!

"But oh, thou wert too young to go;
Thy little tender feet,
No father's guidance now can know,
No mother's counsel meet.
Who now shall nurse thy fragile form,
And keep thee warm?

"Ah, yes! I hear a spirit say
I will protect him here—
Who from their cradles pass away,
To us are ever dear.
Then why, my babe, above thy sleep—
Why should I weep?"

LOUISA SIMONS; OR APPLICATION.—MRS. C. GILMAN.

LOUISA SIMONS was a bright, intelligent girl of fourteen, amiable and ambitious—the joy of her parents, and the pride of her teachers, and far advanced in all her studies except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed frequently, "this is the day for the black-board; a *black* day to me! I hate arithmetic! I wish the multiplication table had never been invented! There is not such an expressive verse in the world as the old one:

"'Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The rule of three does puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad.'"

Mrs. Simons sometimes reproved her for her vehemence; sometimes soothed, and sometimes encouraged her; but finding her more and more excited, she addressed her one day, gravely and anxiously:

"My daughter, you make me unhappy by these expressions. I am aware that many minds are so constituted as to learn numbers slowly; but that close attention and perseverance can conquer even natural defects, has been often proved. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and *say* you comprehend it, from want of energy to grasp it you will never learn; and your *black* days, when you become a woman, and have responsibilities, will increase. I speak feelingly on this subject, for I had the same natural aversion to arithmetic as yourself. Unfortunately for me, a school-mate, quick at figures, shared my desk; we had no black-boards then, and she was kind, or unkind, enough to work out my sums for me. The consequence is, that I have suffered repeatedly in my purse and in my feelings from my ignorance. Even now I am obliged to apply to your father in the most trifling calculations, and you must have sometimes noticed my mortification under such circumstances."

"I look to you for assistance," continued she, affectionately, to Louisa. "You have every advantage; your mind is active, and in other respects disciplined, and I am sure your good heart will prompt you in aiding me."

Louisa's eyes looked a good resolution; she kissed her mother, and commenced her lesson with the right feeling. Instead of being angry with her teacher and herself, because every thing was not plain, she tried to clear her brow, and attend to the subject calmly.

Success crowned her efforts, while, added to the pleasure of acquisition, she began to experience the higher joy of self-conquest, and her mother's approbation. She gave herself up for two years to diligent study, and conquered at length the higher branches of arithmetic.

Louisa, the eldest of three children, had been born to the luxuries of wealth, and scarcely an ungratified want had

shaded her sunny brow. Mr. Simons was a merchant of respectable connections, but in the height of his prosperity, one of those failures took place which occur in commerce, and his affairs became suddenly involved in the shock which is often felt so far in the mercantile chain. A nervous temperament and delicate system were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune, and his mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed to lose its clearness in calculation, and its happy view of life. Louisa was at this period seventeen years of age; her understanding clear and vigorous, her passions disciplined, and her faculties resting, like a young fawn, for a sudden bound.

It was a cold autumn evening; the children were beguiling themselves with wild gambols about the parlor; Mr. Simons sat leaning his head upon his hand, gazing on an accumulated pile of ledgers and papers; Mrs. Simons was busily sewing, and Louisa, with her fingers between the leaves of a closed book, sat anxiously regarding her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr. Simons, peevishly.

"Hush, Robert! Come here, Margaret!" said Mrs. Simons, gently; and taking one on her lap, and another by her side, whispered a little story, and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Simons left the room, Louisa laid aside her book, and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he roughly. Then recollecting himself, he waved his hand gently for her to retire, and continued, "Do not feel hurt, dear, with my abruptness. I am perplexed with these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Louisa, hesitatingly, and blushing, "I think I could assist you, if you would permit me."

"You, my love!" exclaimed he, laughing; "these papers would puzzle a deeper head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, dear father," said Louisa, modestly, "but when Mr. Random gave me my last lesson, he said——"

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Simons, encouragingly.

"He said," answered Louisa, blushing more deeply, "that I was a better accountant than most merchants. And I do believe, father," continued she earnestly, "that if you would allow me, I could assist you."

Mr. Simons smiled sadly; but to encourage her desire of usefulness, opened his accounts. Insensibly he found his daughter following him in the labyrinth of numbers.

Louisa, with a fixed look and clear eye, her cheek kindling with interest, and her pencil in her hand, listened to him. Mrs. Simons entered on tiptoe, and seated herself softly at her sewing. The accounts became more and more complicated. Mr. Simons with his practised habits, and Louisa, with her quick intellect and ready will, followed them up with fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter gave him new life. Time flew unheeded, and the clock struck twelve.

"Wife," said he, suddenly, "matters are not as desperate as I feared; if this girl gives me a few more hours like these, I shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child!" said Mrs. Simons, pressing Louisa's fresh cheek to hers.

Louisa retired, recommended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after again seeking His blessing, she repaired to her father; and again, day after day, with untiring patience, went through the details of his books, copied the accounts in a fair hand, nor left him until his brow was smoothed, and the phantom of bankruptcy had disappeared.

A day passed by, and Louisa looked contemplative and absorbed; at length she said:

"Father, you complain that you cannot afford another clerk at present. You have tried me, and find me worth something; I will keep your books until your affairs are regulated, and you may give me a little salary to furnish shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Simons accepted her offer with a caress and a smile.

Louisa's cabinet increased in value; and the beautiful female handwriting in her father's books, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends.

And from whence, as, year after year, wealth poured in its thousand luxuries, and Louisa Simons stood dispensing pleasures to the gay, and comforts to the poor, did she trace her happiness? To early self-conquest.

THE STRANGER AND CHILD.—MRS HEMANS.

Stranger.

WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams.

Child.

Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stillly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Child.

Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Child.

Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

Child.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing-bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE WIDOW'S SON.—ANONYMOUS.

SOME hundred and thirty years ago, the "Emperor of all the Russias" was not Nicholas I., but Peter the Great; and Peter, with all his faults, was a generous-hearted man and loved an adventure dearly. It was a cold, bleak day in November when our story commences, and the fishermen on the Gulf of Finland could easily foretell a coming storm from the clouds which were gathering on the horizon from the south-east. As the clouds grew darker, the wind blew in louder gusts, and the waves rose with whiter and taller crests, and lashed the shores with an ever increasing vehemence. Along the beach, on the north side of the Gulf of Finland, are some twenty or thirty fishermen's huts, which form part of the straggling town of Lachta. Hard by is the spot where a ferry-boat starts—or rather started a century ago—for the opposite side of the gulf some twice or three times a week. As the door of one of these cottages opened, a young sailor came out, followed by his mother, who saw that he was bent upon crossing the lake for the purpose of transacting some business at the little village of Liborg, and was vainly endeavoring to stay him by pointing out the signs of the growing storm.

"Only see, my dear son," she cried, "how rough and angry the lake is now; see what madness it is to venture out in an open boat upon its waves on such a day. If the ferry-boat must go, let it start without you, and do you stay at home, my Steenie, for your poor mother's sake."

"Oh! mother," replied the young man, "you are over anxious; my business with Carl Wald compels me to go across, whether I like it or not, and I cannot disappoint him if the ferry-boat starts at all, and start it will directly, from the quay, for I see the passengers gathering together at the top of the steps. Only look now, there are Alec and Nicholas going across, and I cannot stay behind. Then good-bye,

mother, I am off to the *Katherine*." So saying, he stepped briskly forward.

"Well, Paul, my man, here's rather a rough passage across for us; I suppose you will go all the same, though you don't seem to like the looks of the weather a bit better than I do? But I don't see any other boats out this afternoon for certain."

"Oh, Paul! oh, Steenie, it is just tempting Providence to think of crossing over with such a sea rising, and with the wind almost dead against you," cried the distracted widow.

"As to that, there's always danger afloat," answered Paul, "be it fair or foul; and Providence takes care of us afloat as well as ever he does on land. Good-bye, mother. Here, Alec, let go that rope. Now then, to your oars. She's off, boys! Helm aport, now."

"Port it is," growled the steersman, who evidently had no fancy for the voyage, and had all this time been crying out against the unpropitious aspect of the weather.

The boatmen who were on the steps and along the beach, assured the widow that there was no real danger; and so having bid her son an affectionate farewell, and uttering many a devout prayer for his speedy return next week, she went back into her cottage, low and depressed in her spirits, and sat watching the boat from her window as it did battle with each crested surge and rode proudly on its course. Need we say that she watched it with a mother's eye, until a projecting cliff shut it wholly out of sight. The storm, however, continued as before, and the mother had but one resource left, to commit her beloved son and the frail boat in which he crossed the waters of the lake to the merciful goodness of that Providence who is "the God of the fatherless and the widow."

At this moment, when the waves were breaking over the little *Katherine*, and had already swept off into deep water one or two hapless passengers who had lost all heart and courage, a sail was seen approaching.

It was a rather large vessel, with a gallant crew of some twenty men, who had been inspecting a portion of the coast. They had seen the perilous position of old Paul and his boat, and had borne down to their assistance, for in spite of the terrible raging of the winds and waves, the captain would not see the poor fellows swept away and drowned without making an effort at least to save them.

The vessel neared the sand-bank; but how may she approach close enough to rescue the unhappy fellows? A boat is lowered from the vessel, and four as gallant Russian tars as ever ploughed the fresh waters of Ladoga or the Baltic have rowed up to the spot; but the strength of two of the crew, added to the exertions of Stephen and the boatmen of the *Katherine*, are not sufficient to move the vessel from the firm grasp with which the sand held her keel.

And where, all this time was Stephen? Worn out with fatigue and cold—for he had been immersed some two hours in the chilly waves, and standing in deep water and nearly exhausted by their violence—he had lost his footing on the slippery bank, and having got in a moment beyond his depth, was vainly attempting to keep his head above water by swimming in his drenched and dripping clothes, the weight of which in a few seconds more would have carried him down.

“Oh! Steenie, Steenie,” cried the old boatman Paul, with a loud voice of agony, which would make itself heard even above the roaring of the angry winds and waves, “can none of you save my poor Stephen, the bravest lad that ever trod a deck? He’s gone now, and but for his help this day my boat would have been lost.”

“He’s not lost yet!” cried the tall seaman; and, plunging into the waves, he caught him by the hair of his head, just as he was sinking the third time; the next wave would have carried him fairly down, and his life would have been gone past recall.

It was not the work of a moment for the strong, tall

stranger to swim with the lad toward the boat, which was hovering near; and in another second, the gallant crew had lifted him in over the gunwale and laid him at the bottom of the boat. As soon as he showed signs of life and began to open his eyes, a flask of brandy was applied to his mouth, and he soon revived. The tall man, too, got in, and leaving two of his crew to help old Paul to tow the *Katherine* ashore, he gave the signal to his men, and they pulled off with all their might in the direction of Lachta. Though the waves were still running high, yet, fortunately, the wind was astern; so the sharp, quick strokes of the crew soon brought the boat to the landing-place from which, a few hours before, poor Stephen had departed in such high spirits, and with such confidence in Paul's seamanship, and the ability of the *Katherine* to make the passage.

As soon as the boat came to the sheltered nook where the steps of the landing-place led up from the sea, Stephen was put ashore, and, partly led, partly carried, he reached the cottage of his mother. At the sight of her son the poor widow burst into a flood of tears, and began to give way to an agony of joy and grief. A warm bath was soon prepared for her son; and after the application of some gentle restoratives, poor Stephen was able to sit up and to thank his kind preserver, the tall stranger, who, with two of his men behind him, just now lifted up the latch of the cottage door, and had entered the room.

"Gracious Heaven," cried the grateful mother, "why, sir, you are in wet clothes, too! Sit down, sir, by the fire, and take of my humble fare, while I go and find some of my Steenie's clothes for you to put on, and I dry those dripping garments."

The tall stranger sat down; and as the widow left the room, gave his two followers a hint not to make known to the boy or his mother who he was. In a few minutes the stranger had retired, and assumed a plain old dress belonging to the young man whose life he had saved, and was engaged in eating some hot bacon which the widow had just

laid upon the table before him, with many protestations of her eternal gratitude to the saviour of her son.

"May the King of heaven, who never turns a deaf ear to the widow's prayer, mercifully reward you for saving my Steenie's life."

The tall stranger was about to rise and depart, when suddenly the door opened, and a naval officer entered, with a crowd of attendants. It was the captain and mate of the bark which Steenie and Paul had seen in the offing, and which had sent her boats to the rescue of the *Katherine*.

"My noble master, may it please your majesty," he said, falling on one knee, "the *Royal Peter* has come safe, and she has towed the *Katherine* into the little port of Lachta."

The poor widow fell down upon her knees in astonishment, and faltered forth her apologies for not recognizing his majesty, and for having treated him with such disrespect.

"Nay, nay, my good woman," said the Czar, smiling; "how could you know the Emperor thus disguised in mud and dirt? But you will know him henceforth. I shall keep your son's clothes in remembrance of this day; and when your boy 'Steenie' wakes up from the sound sleep into which he has fallen, tell him that he will always find a true friend in Peter Alexiowitch."

Our readers, when they learn that the above story is founded upon a plain historic fact—as they will find upon reading for themselves the life of Peter the Great—will be grieved to hear that the noble conduct of the emperor on this occasion cost him his life.

THE FALLS OF LODORE.—SOUTHEY.*

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling;

* The use of this piece, as an exercise in elocution, is to give pliancy to the voice, by the practice of frequent and great changes of manner and variety of tone.

Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking;
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,
In turmoil delighting,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,

And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And hopping and dropping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
Clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling;
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling;
And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,
And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing;
And so never ending,
But always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a mighty uproar;—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

FINIS.

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